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WAYS OF HAME AN' COUNTRY



ALEXANDER LOGAN



*LAYS*  
*o'*  
*HAME AN' COUNTRY*

Edinburgh :  
PRINTED FOR OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER.

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# LAYS O' HAME AN' COUNTRY

BEING

*Poems, Songs, and Ballads*

BY

ALEXANDER LOGAN

WITH A GLOSSARY AND INTRODUCTION

*Second Edition*

Edinburgh

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER


MDCCCLXXXIV


*And so on*



## ❀ PREFACE ❀

---

 LOVE for Poetry, more or less, is by nature implanted within the breasts of all, but in none more so than the home-loving Scot. By him Poetry, especially that of the domestic affections and patriotic deeds, is warmly appreciated and deeply cherished. At the desk, in the office, at the plough, in the field, in the boat on the billow, and at the bench in the workshop, he broods with delight over the tender and endearing associations that cluster round his ain fireside, and lightens weary toil with a song whose language breathes the purest love for the dear ones there—the loving wife anxiously awaiting his home-coming, and the bonnie bairnies ever ready to welcome him with uproarious glee, dispelling clouds of care and flooding his dwelling with the golden sunshine of happiness. If, by the iron hand of Fate, he is borne across wide swelling seas, his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night, are haunted with the scenes of his loved native land. The beauty of her gowned braes, the serenity of her blue lochs, the sublimity of her heather-clad hills, and the hoary grandeur of her time-honoured towers, awaken deep emotion in his bosom, and in his happier hours patriotic bursts steal from his heart in praise of the storied fields—hallowed by a thousand stirring memories—whereon his forefathers nobly fought and bled that they and their children might bask in the glorious light of liberty. Remembering this, the Author has endeavoured, in the sunny field of song, to gather flowers whose language will give expression to those feelings so deeply warm and lovingly tender. Many of the pieces have





appeared in the magazines, periodicals, and poetical collections of the day. Several of the Songs have been set to music and are already popular. Regarding the Scottish language, in which most of them are written, Lord Cockburn has pronounced it to be "The sweetest and most expressive of living languages," while Robert Hall declares, "It is incomparably the most romantic and melodious language to which I ever listened." High praise indeed, but no higher than the authorities who bestowed it, and certainly no more than deserved. Our own humble opinion has always run in the same direction—

Oh ! lilt me the lays o' langsyne,  
 My heart wi' the past they entwine ;  
     O' true fire possest,  
     They pour thro' the breast  
 A torrent o' rapture divine !  
 Rare beauty pervades ilka line !  
 Again an' again them repeat,  
     For I love ditties sung  
     In the auld Doric tongue,  
 Sae heart-touching, tender and sweet !

What genuine Scot would not write in such a language ?

Go, little book, and tell to those thou mayest meet on thy journey that thy humble Author, according to thy merits or demerits, is, as heretofore, prepared to stand or fall,

We have been kindly permitted to insert in these pages a goodly number of *Copyright Pieces*, for which we here tender our most grateful thanks ; and last, though not least, to W. R. Turnbull, Esq., a literary gentleman, whose articles and reviews frequently adorn the leading London monthlies, our warmest thanks are due for the "Introduction" kindly given as a labour of love.

ALEXANDER LOGAN.

EDINBURGH.



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## GLOSSARY

## PRESS OPINIONS

## ❖ INTRODUCTION ❖

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THE Author of the following Poems and Songs is a man very much without a history. For the most part, his life has consisted of work of the hardest, for the fit performance of which a shrewd Scotch head, a brawny arm, and a horny palm are better certificates than the poetic faculty, be it ever so well developed. And I am disposed to regard these little gems of poesy as so many bright sparks of Promethean fire hit off the dusty anvil of a patient but a toilsome life. Some breathe a more reposeful spirit than others, as if conceived in the pauses of labour and during more prosperous times, when enjoying family comforts and the inestimable blessings of domestic concord, wherein consists the *real* poetry of human life. We have here a captivating prominence given to the pure, religious, simple Scottish home : a home with an altar in it, whose fires are never quenched. His humorous lines are devoid of prurient blemishes ; and his love apples have no Edenic blets. In a word, the charming simplicity of these poems forms the most loveable characteristic of a species of poetry that is primarily addressed to the People. Such poems as *The Days o' Ither Years*, *Heart Blossoms*, *The Land Far Awa'*, *Kiss my Native Soil for Me*, *The Lintie*, *A Blithe Scottish Sang*, and *We Never Miss the Water till the Well Rins Dry*, make a strong appeal to the popular taste, and have a force and peculiar individuality about them that will ensure for them a prominent place in the lyrical literature of the country. It is refreshing to know that a *genuine singer*, one of the small band who have not yet despised the dialect of Burns, nor contemned the simpler subjects of his undying muse, still works "from early morn to dewy eve," and

gilds and ennobles a dusty and a toilworn life with such purities of thought and feeling.

Alexander Logan was born at Edinburgh on the 6th of July 1833. He comes of humble but highly respectable parents, who, although unable to give him wealth, gave him what wealth cannot purchase, character ; and this he has stedfastly retained unblemished. As a confirmatory proof of what I state, I may mention—and I speak from personal knowledge—that Mr. Logan's life is as earnest and worthy as the best of his work. Indeed, he has so commended himself to his employers as a true, efficient, and trustworthy servant, that he has never, during the long period of twenty-five years, changed masters. He still continues the respected servant of a leading firm in his native city.

He early betook himself to the writing of verse ; but it was not until 1862 that he first adventured upon any ambitious effort, and from that time onwards he has contributed with some measure of regularity to the weekly and monthly journals. Many of these contributions ultimately re-appeared in the Scottish-American press. The patriotic spirit with which a great number of them is so largely charged appealed strongly to the hearts of our expatriated countrymen ; and the enthusiastic welcome which they so deservedly received led to the publication, in 1864, of a volume of *Poems and Lyrics*, which met with a hearty reception, and gave him an honourable place amongst those writers who have rendered a whole-hearted service to the Doric literature of the country. In two successive editions of Murdoch's admirable compilation, *Recent and Living Scotch Poets*, as well as in other collections, the name and many extracts from the works of Mr. Logan may be found side by side with the most typical poems of such representative writers as Principal Shairp, Professors Blackie, Veitch, and Nichol ; Drs. Hedderwick, Chambers, Macdonald, Macleod, and Waddell ; Janet Hamilton, Alexander Smith, J. H. Stoddart, William Freeland,

&c. *Poems and Lyrics* met with a ready sale and was soon out of print. Many of his songs have already been admirably set to music ; and I am decidedly of opinion that there are many in the present volume which ere long will be similarly honoured.

It may, in a word, be added that it is infallibly heart speech that we have here in this volume; the poet's heart is singing, and it ever sings without that painful self-consciousness which so grievously detracts from the merit of much of our modern poetry. The subjects of his muse stand as the reflexes of realities that claim kith and kin with all mankind. He is always sincere and truthful to man and nature alike ; and he seems to have been as close an observer of the one as the other. It is this inherent truthfulness and sincerity that brings the author of what is here bound up within the Emersonian definition of true poetic genius—"the power to take the passing day, with its news, its cares, its fears, "and hold it up to a divine reason, till he (the poet) sees it to "have a purpose and beauty, and to be related to astronomy and "history, and the eternal order of the world ;"—and it is this, likewise, that gives him the right of presenting with some degree of confidence to the public what now lies here beneath our hand. In these poems we find the love, reality, enthusiasm, and patriotic impulse of his great exemplar, Burns. We have offered to us here the true passion of ennobled nature in its simplest, most unaffected forms ; all the domestic purity, native sagacity, and dry humour ; all that love, in a word, for outward beauty and inward good that dignifies and gives a sustained force and charm to the noble-souled masters of Scottish song. In Logan we have a national poet ; and I grievously err in my judgment if there is not that in his poems which is calculated to give pleasure and refreshment to his countrymen whose hearts still thrill with the familiar twang of their native Doric.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON TURNBULL.

# LAYS O' HAME AN' COUNTRY

---

## The Days o' Ither Years.

TURN back, turn back, dear memory, to happy auld  
  langsyne,  
An' kindle in this bosom's core the flame o' love  
  divine ;  
What saftly-tender feelings touch my heart-chords  
  when I see  
The scenes o' bygone pleasures through fond fancy's  
  sleepless e'e ;  
Thy fields wi' peerless flou'rs are gemmed, thy skies o'  
  azure hue,  
As they by sweet enchantment rise sae bonnie to the  
  view ;  
Still, ah ! the brichtest, blithest smiles are aften droon'd  
  in tears,  
When musing, deeply musing, on the days o' ither  
  years !

Back through Time's strangely hallowed stream my  
  bark drifts on apace,  
An' mony scenes o' loveliness I on the voyage trace,



An' mony kindly bosoms that ha'e ceased their beating  
noo,  
An' mony far, far travelled owre the briny ocean blue ;  
But deep within my glowing soul their loved names  
are enshrined,  
Wi' recollections doubly dear around them gently  
twined ;  
Frae mild affection's pearly track that brave bark  
never veers,  
When musing, deeply musing, on the days o' ither  
years !

Upon a heather-mantled knowe I see a cottage hame,  
A group o' happy faces there surroond the ingle's flame,  
An' like a never-waning star, serenely pure an' warm,  
The love-beams o' a mither's e'e are shed that ring to  
charm ;  
My mither ! on the sacred name there hangs a rosy spell ;  
My mither ! oh ! I loved her mair than mortal tongue  
may tell ;  
Mid a' the changes here below her form in licht appears,  
When musing, deeply musing, on the days o' ither  
years !

Kind faither in his easy chair to rest has laid him doon,  
Staunch honesty upon his broo, the fairest earthly croon ;  
His sturdy arm strove manfully to win the staff o' life,  
An' mak' oor hame a paradise wi' golden blessings rife ;  
Oh ! gladsome thochts—oh ! waesome thochts, ye gi'e  
my bosom pain,

He lang, lang in the auld kirkyard beneath the sod  
has lain,  
Yet fond remembrance, ever nigh, whiles saddens an  
whiles cheers,  
When musing, deeply musing, on the days o' ither  
years !

Fair sisters, an' brave brithers, too, are in the shining  
ring,  
An' warble like blithe birds amang the green bud-  
wealth o' spring,  
While faithfu' freends, endeared to a', the joyous  
chorus swell ;  
Mair sweet bliss-breathing music on my bosom never fell.  
When dear familiar faces an' auld scenes aroond me draw,  
Hoo swiftly flee the sunny hours on purple wings awa' ;  
Their angel-voices, tuned to love, my yearning spirit  
hears,  
When musing, deeply musing, on the days o' ither  
years !

But fled, for ever fled are thae blithesome days o' auld,  
The hearth where worth an' beauty met is lanely noo  
an' cauld ;  
The mists o' gloaming gather fast, hoo altered since  
the dawn ;—  
Ah ! ane by ane frae life's fair tree the cherished  
blooms ha'e fa'en ;—  
My sun sinks saftly in the west, soon dimmed will be  
its flame,  
Still, darker as the shadows turn, I draw the nearer  
hame—

That hame where sorrow canna come, an' never fell  
sad tears,  
Where waiting, fondly waiting, are the freends o' ither  
years !

### **The Slogan of Freedom.**

Hurrah for the land of the hardy green Thistle  
That heroes defended so bravely of yore ;  
Where minstrels are singing, and hill-breezes whistle  
The proud songs of freedom round battlements hoar !  
Say, shall those songs ever  
Be hushed by foes ? never !  
While we, like our fathers, the claymore can wield ;  
Our birthright we cherish,  
And sooner will perish  
Than to an invader one foot of soil yield !

Then gather, brave clansmen, from mountain and  
valley,  
The Slogan of Freedom is heard on the gale ;  
Around Scotia's standard undauntedly rally,  
Before us the tyrants will tremble and quail !

They gather, they gather, their swift feet are spurning  
The lightning-rent rocks on their pathway that lie ;  
To share glory's laurels each bosom is burning,  
And valour is flashing from each fearless eye !  
Green tartans are streaming,  
Bright claymores are gleaming,  
And high are the hearts that are leading the van ;

Ranked shoulder to shoulder,  
No nation has bolder ;  
Let them turn the Blue Bonnets of Scotland who can !  
Then gather, brave clansmen, &c.

No coward or slave our green Island encumbers,  
Fair Liberty shines with a heavenly light ;  
Her spirit is heard in the tempest's wild numbers,  
And seen from afar in the bold eagle's flight.  
Still forward to honour  
Our unsullied banner  
Through carnage and death we will bear on our  
march !  
No base act shall stain it,  
But valour maintain it  
Till blazing it waves under Victory's Arch !  
Then gather, brave clansmen, &c.

### *Fond Words.*

Oh ! dinna tarry lang my sweet love-blossom,  
Sae dear thou art ;  
Soon, soon return an' nestle on this bosom,  
Close to the heart  
That ever breathes in fervency a prayer,  
Rich blessings may surroond thee evermair !  
Lang dinna tarry !—when, at dewy gloaming,  
I canna meet  
Thee at the door to welcome my hame-coming  
Wi' glances sweet,

Then will my yearning spirit soar to see  
Twa forms revered—that wee pet lamb an' thee !

Lang dinna tarry !—when young day, in glory,  
Streams frae the sky,  
Empurpling lowly cot, an' castle hoary,  
Behold will I  
In ilka glowing bloom the modest grace  
An' peerless beauty o' thy love-lit face !

Lang dinna tarry !—where blue burns are flowing  
Through broomy braes,  
Aft ha'e I heard the merry mavis throwing  
His melting lays  
Upon the balmy zephyrs, but mair clear  
An' sweet, thy voice steals on my raptured ear !

Lang dinna tarry !—stay—love, let me hover,  
In fond delight,  
Near thee, blithe as a bee roond scented clover,  
Rich red an' white ;  
The white reminds me o' thy bonnie broo,  
The red thy ruby lips a' gemmed wi' dew !

Lang dinna tarry !—time will fail to wither  
Truth's holy tree ;  
As through the vale o' life we pass thegither  
My aim shall be,  
Amid the wildest storm, an' deepest calm,  
Upon thy soul to pour joy's healing balm !

Lang dinna tarry !—simmer's sweetest morning  
    Though passing fair ;  
The genial glow o' thy dear smile adorning  
    Oor hame, is mair—  
My blithe bird warbling frae a blighted spray !  
My rare rose blooming on a thorny way !

Lang dinna tarry !—though aft rudely driven,  
    Gem o' my hearth,  
By sorrow's heaving tide, thy love a heaven  
    Has made on earth,  
Whase fairy nooks, an' tranquil sunny bow'rs  
Arrayed are wi' affection's fairest flow'rs !

Lang dinna tarry !—thy soul sweetly shining  
    Through thy dark e'en,  
Aroond this constant breast is ever twining  
    A garland green  
Warm as the rosy sun, as dew-beads pure,  
An' like the storm-dashed rock, strong to endure !

Lang dinna tarry !—kind, endearing treasure,  
    Frae thy sweet charms  
I draw the bloom o' ilka golden pleasure  
    My soul that warms !  
My standard bearer on the field o' life  
Art thou, my gentle, noble-hearted wife !

Lang dinna tarry !—thy love-banner waving  
    This motto shows,—

"I queenly Bliss defend by boldly braving  
     Her darkest foes."  
 As mist-clouds melt when met by burning rays,  
 Care disappears before thy radiant gaze !  
 Lang dinna tarry !—but why, to detain thee,  
     Fond words employ ;  
 Fareweel a while ; may Providence sustain thee,  
     My pride an' joy !  
 Bring me unnumbered smiles, at thy return,  
 Bricht as the stars that high in Heaven burn !

### **Heart Blossoms.**

Oh ! dinna ask me, lad, to leave  
     My mither, dear to me ;  
 I ken her heart wad sairly grieve,  
     An' tears flow frae her e'e.  
 Oor ance blithe hame is dowie noo  
     Since faither got the ca',  
 An' wha wad smooth wae frae her broo  
     Were I tae gang awa' ?  
     I canna leave my mither dear,  
     Sae frail and feeble noo !  
     Her tenderly will I revere  
     Until life's journey's thro' !  
 This constant heart is only yours,  
     Still, oh ! it weel may spare  
 A sweet bunch o' affection's flou'rs  
     To lichten mither's care.

Noo that the gloaming o' her day  
Upon her tells a tale,  
A dochter's debt o' love to pay  
God grant I winna fail !  
I canna leave my mither dear, &c.  
To quit her lowly but-an'-ben  
Wad gar my bosom bleed,  
An' oh ! we dinna—canna ken  
What we oorsel's may need.  
Then be it mine wi' pure love-rays  
Her lanely path to licht,  
Wha watched ower me in bygane days,  
An' a' my wrangs made richt !  
I canna leave my mither dear, &c.

### **Macallister's Bonnet.**

In mony strange places on earth ha'e I been,  
An' mony queer things in my travels ha'e seen ;  
But this I'll maintain till the last breath I draw,  
Macallister's bonnet is queerest o' a'.  
It serves as a scrubber to wash doon the stair,  
A cushin to place on his auld easy chair ;  
It carries the tatties, the barley, an' breid,  
An' as for a besom he ne'er felt the need.  
Noo what could compare  
Wi' Macallister's bonnet ?  
Ay ! weel ye may stare  
At Macallister's bonnet !




An' wonder wha wrocht it !  
 Likewise where he bocht it !  
 For ilka thing rare  
 Does Macallister's bonnet !

It carries the turnips when feedin' the kye,  
 An' answers his mere as a moothpock forbye ;  
 A cozie bed mak's for the dog or the cat,  
 In short it wad do for—I kenna a' what !  
 It serves as a bucket to carry the coals ;  
 If windows are broken it fills up the holes,  
 When shavin' he wipes wi' 't his jaws, mooth an' chin,  
 He'd use't for his brose but it winna haud in !  
 Noo what could compare, &c.

When gaun to the market it's ever the same,  
 It serves for a basket the beef to bring hame ;  
 Wi' sheep heids an' trotters it's aye stappit fu' !  
 Forbye lots o' scran for the hens an' the soo !  
 Nae marvel need be though it's envied by some ;  
 It's sand box! or mealpock! an' soops doon the lum !  
 The auld fail-me-never maist does ilka turn !  
 He'd mak' it a kail pat, but, losh ! it wad burn !  
 Noo what could compare, &c.

### *The Herd Lassie.*

The herd lassie sat by the broom-bordered burn,  
 A bonnie, winsome queen was she ;  
 Her gowd tresses flow'd in the saft simmer breeze,  
 An' twined wi' the flou'rs on the lea ;



As fondly she gazed on its silvery tide,  
That wimpled the wild braes amang,  
Enraptured she felt, for the scene was sae fair,  
An' blithely the young kimmer sang.

“Dance onward in joy, thou merry, merry burn,  
Lang, lang has this heart held thee dear ;  
The fresh, dewy flou'rs on thy banks aft I pu',  
An' wade through thy waters sae clear ;  
Fu' weel do I love when the sunshiny morn  
Breaks forth hill an' plain to illume,  
For syne my wee lammies frisk gaily aroond,  
An' sport in the lang yellow broom.”

“Oh ! art thou the queen o' the wee fairy folks ?  
Or art thou an angel divine ?  
Far, far ha'e I rippled through moorland an' glade,  
But never heard a voice like thine !  
The verdure that mantles my knowes will I bless,  
An' cause the wee gowans to spring,  
Thy bosom to cheer, an' thy lammies to feed,  
For sweet are the sangs thou dost sing ! ”

“Fu' lang wad I lilt, thou bonnie, bonnie burn,  
But gloaming begins noo to fa' ;  
My kind laddie waits by the green willow tree,  
To him maun I hasten awa' ;  
The fair sun gaes doon owre the back o' yon hill,  
An' soon will be lost in the sea,  
But when he re-opens the gowd gates o' morn,  
Again will I warble to thee.

### **A Lift Owre the Stile.**

Ho! brithers, draw near, here's an auld trusty freend  
Whase journey through life has been langsome an'  
sair ;

Owreta'en by misfortune, the wee hame that screen'd  
His frail, feeble form, bids him welcome nae mair !  
The dew's frae grief's fountain his pale cheeks flow doon,  
Where nestled serenely the joy-beaming smile ;  
But manhood, that monarch wha wears a love-croon,  
Will gallantly gi'e him a lift owre the stile.

A gem passing rare is the warm kindly heart  
The tear-drap that dries frae a sorrow-dimmed e'e ;  
Thus healing balm pouring, sweet peace to impart,  
As Heaven pours lustre far owre land an' sea.  
I canna thae freends o' a simmer day thole,  
Their faces feign love while their breasts harbour  
guile ;  
But gi'e me a chield wha has warmth in his soul  
To gi'e an auld crony a lift owre the stile.

We a' ha'e to suffer, some less an' some mair,  
The bricht glints o' sunshine are dashed wi' wild  
shou'rs ;  
An' though gently tended wi' unceasing care,  
Adversity withers oor maist cherished flou'rs !

The clouds casting gloom on his path let us clear,  
An' Fortune, relenting, will soon sweetly smile ;  
Her frowns are in vain when sae mony hearts here  
Beat warmly to gi'e him a lift owre the stile !

### *The Land Far Awa'.*

#### A DREAM O' HAME.

Within a lone dell on a far foreign shore,  
Where Nature the fairest o' flou'rs had in store,  
I laid my head doon, an' asleep fast did fa',  
An' dreamed o' my dear native land far awa'.

Remembrance to sunny langsyne travelled back,  
When Joy's purest rays brichtly shone on my track,  
An' Hope viewed her roses sae bonnily blaw,  
Diffusing their sweets owre the land far awa'.

Methocht on the pinions o' bliss I was borne,  
An' placed where I blithely spent life's early morn ;  
Kind freends cam' aroond me, kent faces I saw,  
That welcomed me back to the land far awa'.

The scenes o' past pleasures my fond bosom wiled.  
Green earth was rejoicing, the blue heavens smiled,  
While peace, frae her altar, serenely owre a',  
Poured blessings divine in the land far awa'.

The glades, crags, an' corries wi' wildings arrayed,  
An' braes, gowan-garnished, where aften I played,  
Did memories, deeply heart-woven, reca',—  
Warm love knits my soul to the land far awa' !


On blue mountains high, an' green valleys below,  
I saw in rare beauty the red heather glow ;  
An' music-floods pouring by loch, lea, an' shaw,  
My heart filled wi' joy in the land far awa' !

Roond love-hallowed hamesteads, an' moss-covered  
    cairns,  
Hoo blithesomely bounded the rosy-faced bairns,  
While age, frail an' furrowed, wi' tresses like snaw,  
Looked lovingly on in the land far awa' !

Ilk door, by affection, wide open was flung !  
In Freendship's fair circle delighted I hung !  
The hind in his cot, an' the laird in his ha',  
Fond smiles on me shed in the land far awa' !

I heard mither's voice in its kindest tone !  
An' roond me the chains o' enchantment were thrown !  
Syne sister an' brither them closer did draw !  
For faither had gane to yon Land far awa' !

Bewildered I waukened, in sorrow, to find  
'Twas only a dream that had passed through my mind !  
Still warmly this bosom, whatever befa' !  
Will throb for my dear native land far awa' !



**Kiss my Native Soil for Me.\***

Comrade ! fareweel for ever mair,  
Soon rent will be the mystic chain,  
To part wi' thee my heart is sair ;  
On earth we'll never meet again.  
If spared to reach oor heather-land,  
That lies beyond the deep blue sea,  
Bend thou thy knee upon its strand,  
An' kiss my native soil for me !

I'll speel nae mair oor bonnie braes,  
Nor wander thro' the flou'ry glens ;  
I'll hear nae mair the lintie's lays—  
The sweetest notes my bosom kens.  
Far frae the land that I adore,  
Alas ! my narrow bed maun be,  
Then, kneel upon its rocky shore,  
An' kiss my native soil for me !

Still to this sorrow-stricken heart,  
The thocht o' auld langsyne an' hame,  
Can sunny memories impart,  
An' fan affection's purest flame !

\* “Fareweel !” said a brave young Scottish soldier, lying on his deathbed in India, to his comrade who was about to leave for home, also weary and worn, “Fareweel, dear comrade, an', if spared to reach Auld Scotland, kiss my native soil for me.”

The hallowed spot, wi' fond regard,  
In fancy, I distinctly see,—  
Bend thou upon its daisied sward,  
An' kiss my native soil for me !

A kindly mither thou hast there,  
Thy coming waits wi' open arms ;  
An' gentle sister, sweetly fair,  
To welcome thee frae war's alarms ;  
But nane ha'e I, an' death will seal,  
Far, far frae hame, my hollow e'e,—  
Fareweel ! my comrade dear, fareweel !  
An' kiss my native soil for me !

### **Arthur's Bonnie Braes.**

Hoo aften memory will turn back to life's early days,  
That I sae blithely spent wi' thee on Arthur's bonnie  
braes ;  
Then visions, yielding charms supreme, before me  
gladly glide,  
For there, amid the licht o' joy, we wandered side by  
side.  
  
I love the wildings blooming there, sae lovely, fresh  
an' sweet,  
For aften they, when simmer smiled, kissed thy wee  
fairy feet,

While fond, fond words frae ruby lips, devoid o' guile  
or art,

Saft as the lintie's mellow notes fell on my glowing  
heart.

Nae purer are the ripples on St Anthon's Well that  
shine,

Than are the gentle thochts within that kindly breast  
o' thine,

Nor brichter is the dazzling sheen upon a sun-lit sea,  
Than are the golden glints which fa' divinely frae thine  
e'e !

Mair dear than dew to sun-scorched flou'rs upon a  
rocky hill,

Wert thou unto this bosom then, an' thou the same  
art still ;

Affection's rays, time cauna dim, bricht as the purple  
west,

Illumes the landscape o' my soul for her I cherish best.

For jewelled croons nae wish ha'e I, awa' wi' gaudy  
thrones,

But let me see thy queenly form an' hear thy winning  
tones ;

They fill my cup wi' rich delight till owre the brim it pours  
Then on the rosy wings o' love my soul in rapture soars !

Dear was that hour, gray gloaming owre the lea her  
mantle flung,

An' sparkling stars frae Heav'n's blue arch in peerless  
splendour hung,



When we before Love's altar knelt, beneath their  
radiant rays,  
An' fondly breathed the sacred vow on Arthur's  
bonnie braes !

### **A Blithe Scottish Sang.**

The wide spreading snaw mantles mountain an' lea,  
But here roond the ingle forgethered ha'e we ;  
Oor day's wark is done, sae let mirth's anvil clang,  
An' mak' the nicht short wi' a blithe Scottish sang.  
A blithe Scottish sang, a blithe Scottish sang,  
There's unrivalled glee in a blithe Scottish sang !

It lichtens the heart, melancholy can cure,  
The face fills wi' smiles, whether surly or sour,  
An' rears queenly roses where rank nettles sprang—  
Unmatched are the charms o' a blithe Scottish sang.  
A blithe Scottish sang, a blithe Scottish sang,  
The bosom bounds fain to a blithe Scottish sang !

It draws cronies closer, it stills weary strife,  
It gars the veins glow, in the heels it pits life ;  
The sunbeams are routhy the shadows amang,  
Wherever is lilted a blithe Scottish sang.  
A blithe Scottish sang, a blithe Scottish sang,  
Oor auld breeks micht dance to a blithe Scottish sang !

Though pressed aften sairly, still never despair,  
A path bravely cut through the jungle o' care ;  
The thorns may be keen, but as onward we gang,  
Enliven the way wi' a blithe Scottish sang.

A blithe Scottish sang, a blithe Scottish sang,  
What heartiness thrills through a blithe Scottish sang !

Gin sad disappointment comes doon on oor track,  
We needna think lang hoo to drive the loon back ;  
Frae joy's richest kebbuck juist cut a guid whang,  
An' dash't in his face wi' a blithe Scottish sang.

A blithe Scottish sang, a blithe Scottish sang,  
It fills a' wi' rapture, a blithe Scottish sang !

We back winna turn though the darkest clouds' lour,  
But gently creep roond what we canna jump owre ;  
The wildest o' storms gallant hearts never dang,  
We'll burst through them a' wi' a blithe Scottish sang !

A blithe Scottish sang, a blithe Scottish sang !  
Oor life-march we'll cheer wi' a blithe Scottish sang !

### ***We Never Miss the Water till the Well Rins Dry.***

Be provident an' eident, in the sunshine mak' your hay,  
An' bravely be prepared to stand against the rainy day ;  
In life's unceasing battle dinna sit ye doon to sigh,  
For we never miss the water till the well rins dry.

I ken as weel as ony there are mony ups an' doons,—  
That some can scarcely bonnets get, while some wear  
gowden croons,  
But nature's trusty nobles prove, wi' thochts pure,  
warm, an' high,  
For we never miss the water till the well rins dry.

This fair warld like an ocean spreads before us far an'  
wide ;  
Let each launch forth his gallant bark, wi' truth upon  
his side,  
An' striving sterile rocks to shun, steer where green  
islands lie,  
For we never miss the water till the well rins dry.

The bee frae bloom to bloom glides on, when simmer  
rules the year,  
Collecting sweets, in happiness by brae an' fountain  
clear ;  
Let us, like it, endeavour still some sma' store to lay by,  
For we never miss the water till the well rins dry.

### *The Lock o' Golden Hair.*

While sadly on this lovely lock o' golden hair I gaze,  
My bonnie bairn appears in view wi' a' his winning ways,  
The pleading look—the sunny glance—the wee uplifted  
arms ;  
An' oh ! the sweet, angelic face, sae fu' o' peerless  
charms !

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Deep in my bosom sorrow reigns—nae mair will  
mortal e'e  
Behold the fairy form that filled oor hame wi' gladsome  
glee ;  
The fairest flou'ret ever smiled in palace, cot, or ha',  
Was mine, but could Death cam' an' took my wee  
wild rose awa' !

Yon simmer sun that owre the scene pours brilliancy  
divine,  
Yields lightsome joy to mony a heart, but weariness  
to mine ;  
The fragrant thorn unheeded blooms—the drooping  
willow weeps,  
Like me, in mournfu' silence, where my dear wee jewel  
sleeps !

The tender lammie frae the ewe, alas ! was severed soon,  
An' when his pure young spirit soared to yon fair  
realms aboon,  
I, wi' a bosom anguish-wrung, cut frae his pearly broo  
The wee saft, glossy golden lock sae fondly treasured  
noo !

I prize it mair than priceless gems—as days an' years  
glide by,  
It, glowing sadly sweet, will on affection's altar lie,  
Where aft the broo it waved owre, wrapt in rosy  
dreams did rest,  
Meet spot for relic, sacred held, a mither's gentle breast

The heart-warm tears are flowing fast—deep shadows  
cloud the day  
That saw frae me my darling torn, an' laid beneath  
the clay ;  
Till Providence my soul sets free frae ilka grief an' care,  
I lovingly will dote upon this lock o' golden hair !

### **The Gem that I Adore.**

Dearest, fair as rosy morn  
Frae the east advancing,  
Aye to love thee ha'e I sworn,  
For thou art entrancing.  
Guileless is thy blooming face,  
Ever fondly smiling  
Wi' a witching, winning grace,  
Captivating, wiling.  
  
Sweet little, neat little,  
Bonnie, blithesome deary,  
Fair little, rare little,  
Jewel I revere thee !

Where thy fairy fitsteps stray,  
Beauty shines before thee,  
Pouring pleasure on my way,  
Darling I adore thee.  
Ilka day brings joy to me,  
Ilka hour has gladness,

Warm love beaming in thine e'e  
Chases dowie sadness.  
Sweet little, neat little, &c.

Sunlicht gilds the mountains grand,  
Bliss inspires oor bosoms,  
Nature, wi' a lavish hand,  
Scatters lovely blossoms ;  
Boundless is her varied store,  
Shedding fragrance ever ;  
Still the gem that I adore  
Rivalled will be never !  
Sweet little, neat little, &c.

**My Own Dear Native Land.**

My own dear native land,  
This heart thee homage yields ;  
The independence-brand  
Thou hast, with noble hand,  
Waved well in countless fields.

On Glory's lofty brow,  
Brave Wallace, with his sword,  
Engraved thy name, that thou  
Might shine resplendent—now  
Loved isle thou art ador'd.

Thy heath bid proudly wave !  
Thy mountains it illumines,

And on each warrior's grave,  
Who died thy rights to save,  
How beautiful it blooms !

Oh ! for a mighty pen  
To tell thy honours rare ;  
The plain—the hill—the glen,  
Are peopled with brave men,  
And women passing fair.

Bright jewel, in the crown  
Of Freedom firmly set ;  
Exalted by renown—  
Who dares to drag thee down  
May feel thy claymore yet.

Yes ! let thy foes display  
Their banners—while they fly  
Thy sons will to the fray  
March forth in stern array,  
And bravely win or die !

I view, with soul on flame,  
Those dauntless heroes tread  
The glorious path of fame  
That lustre round thy name,  
Unfading, may be shed.

But not alone by arms  
And arts, was glory won ;  
No, higher, nobler charms

Hast thou—thy bosom warms  
The heavenly race to run.

On Sabbath, softly calm,  
From thy dear homes arise  
The prayer—the text—the psalm,  
And borne on wings of balm  
They mount beyond the skies !

God's blessings rest on thee  
While rolls the flood of Time !  
And may'st thou ever be  
The birthplace of the free,  
Loved land of cliffs sublime !

### **Away to the Woodlands.**

Surrounded by mirth we are now in the car,  
No trouble or care to annoy ;  
Each bright rolling eye, like the sweet gloaming star,  
Is beaming with transports of joy.  
To scenes of delight all are ready to go,  
Our ardour can brook no delay ;  
Then start, noble Bet, with a jolly “ Gee wo ! ”  
And away to the woodlands, away !

Away to the woodlands, away !  
Away to the woodlands, away !  
With hearts lightly dancing,  
And noble Bet prancing,  
Away to the woodlands, away !



Of toil we are weary and long for a change,  
 A glad, welcome season of rest,  
 When each gallant lad may at liberty range  
 With her that his heart holds the best ;  
 Those pure sweets to gather, true love can bestow,  
 Where all is enchantingly gay ;  
 Then start, noble Bet, with a jolly "Gee wo!"  
 And away to the woodlands, away !  
                                 Away to the woodlands, away, &c.

The charms are unnumbered that fair nature yields,  
 Our souls with their splendour to please ;  
 Lakes, meadows, mountains, and flow'r-garnished fields  
 Perfuming the soft summer breeze.  
 The blue sky above, and the green sward below,  
 In rare beauty clad to survey ;  
 Then start, noble Bet, with a jolly "Gee wo!"  
 And away to the woodlands, away !  
                                 Away to the woodlands, away, &c.

### **Leal an' Fair.**

Sing on, wee warbler, sweetly sing,  
 Bliss to fond bosoms canst thou bring,  
 My lassie's tones resemble thine,  
 An' captivate this heart o' mine !

Oh ! she is sweet an' bonny,  
 Endearing, leal an' fair !  
 Seen ha'e I never ony  
 Wha could wi' her compare !

Wi' music fill the balmy air,  
For I could listen evermair ;  
Thy glad notes pour thro' brake an' dell ;  
My lassie blithe is like thysel'.  
Oh ! she is sweet an' bonny, &c.

Sing on, sing on, sae fond an' fain,  
What warmth is in thy melting strain,  
It gars the glowing soul rejoice,  
For thro' it thrills my lassie's voice !  
Oh ! she is sweet an' bonny, &c.

Free let thy heart-born numbers ring !  
They, on the zephyrs downy wing,  
Are wafted owre the sunny lea,  
Where aft my lassie roams wi' me !  
Oh ! she is sweet an' bonny, &c.

Her tender love, divinely warm,  
The noblest bosom weel may charm ;  
While Heaven's beams the blossoms cheer,  
Adore will I my lassie dear !  
Oh ! she is sweet an' bonny, &c.

### ***Gloaming-Fa.'***

I love, robed in beauty, the sunshine to see,  
But still the mild shadows are dearer to me ;  
Then Time dinna tarry, glide swiftly awa',  
An' bring me, oh ! bring me the sweet gloaming-fa' !

Fair flou'rets the meadows an' mountains array,  
 While music is pouring frae ilka green spray,  
 The fond bosom cheering, in valley an' shaw,  
 Still gi'e me, oh ! gi'e me the sweet gloaming-fa'.

Young morning breaks bonnie, when nature is seen  
 Enthroned amid splendour, in garments o' green,  
 Yet only frae e'ening I purest bliss draw,  
 Sae gi'e me, oh ! gi'e me the sweet gloaming-fa'.

Hoo sairly I weary, Time dinna delay,  
 Thy shadows descending, o' saft mellow gray,  
 Aye bring my dear laddie, true, gallant, an' braw,  
 To smile on me kindly, sweet, sweet gloaming-fa' !

### **The Lanely Hame.**

Oh ! dearest wifie, lang awa'  
 Thou noo hast been, I wish I saw  
 Thy bonnie face again,  
 To licht oor dwelling up wi' glee,  
 Withoot the love-rays o' thine e'e,  
 My efforts a' are vain.

I muse on thee at early morn,  
 When warblers pour frae ilka thorn  
 Blithe sangs wi' lood acclaim ;  
 The sun o' bliss beams on their lot,  
 But it will shun this dreary spot  
 Until thou comest hame.

I muse on thee at noon—opprest

Wi' dowiness, I canna rest,

My ways weel dost thou ken,

Sae forth I set, a while to rove,

By crystal burn, green shady grove,

An' flou'r-embroidered glen.

There, too, I muse on thee, an' seek

The rose—meet emblem o' thy cheek—

That I may on it gaze ;

Then turning to the lily's hue,

Behold the whiteness o' thy broo,

While Scotia's bell displays

The saft blue o' thy tender e'e,

Whase sunny glances gladden me,

An' charm awa' cauld care ;

But a' the beauty o' thae flou'rs,

Wi' pleasure canna gild the hours,

Unless that thou art there.

I muse on thee when gloaming gray

Upon the brilliant face o' day

Her gloomy gates hath closed ;

An' when the stars, resplendent, seem

The jewels o' the Great Supreme

To mortal view exposed !

When darkness reigns owre flood an' field,

An' balmy sleep mine e'en hath seal'd,

In dreams my bosom warms

*The Happy Hame*

Wi' love's pure flame ; for like a bride  
 Stands thy fair vision by my side,  
 The bairnie in thine arms !

Thus do I muse frae morn till nicht—  
 To gar this lanely heart beat licht  
 My efforts a' are vain !  
 Oh ! dearest wifie, lang awa'  
 Thou noo hast been, I wish I saw  
 Thy bonnie face again !

*The Happy Hame.*

Oh ! bonnie is my wifie's face,  
 An' sunny is her smile,  
 Nane else could ever fill her place—  
 Her heart is free frae guile.  
 Affection's lamp shines in her e'e,  
 An' brilliant is the flame  
 While pouring its rich rays on me,  
 At e'en, when I gang hame !

My bosom swells wi' love an' pride,  
 Dull care flees far awa',  
 To see her by the ingle side,  
 Sae tidy, neat, an' braw.  
 A lordly station couldna gi'e,  
 Wi' a' its wealth an' fame,

Sic happiness an' joy to me,  
At e'en, when I gang hame !

The buds o' wedded bliss, divine,  
Enchant us wi' their charms ;  
Hoo fair to see the bairnie twine  
Arood her neck its arms,  
While she its rosy lips will pree,  
Mair sweet than hinny-kame ;  
A' scenes like this are dear to me,  
At e'en, when I gang hame !

Sweet is the sun, on hill an' glen  
A golden flood that flings ;  
Sweet is the laverock's music, when  
It high in cloud-land sings—  
Afar diffusing gladsome glee,  
Still sweeter is the dame  
An' blossoms blithe, wha smile on me,  
At e'en, when I gang hame !

A casket nestles in my heart,  
An' priceless gems are there ;  
Wi' them for warlds I wadna part,  
They are sae pure an' rare.  
Ye wonder what thae gems may be,  
Enraptured I exclaim—  
The beauties that encircle me,  
At e'en, when I gang hame !

True pleasure we could wish nae mair—  
 A happy life is oors,  
 For oh ! it seems a garden fair,  
 Filled wi' the sweetest flou'rs.  
 But should ocht hap, it aye shall be  
 My first an' highest aim  
 To comfort her, wha comforts me,  
 At e'en, when I gang hame !

### **Dear Scotia.**

Dear Scotia ! thou land of the dauntless and free,  
 Loved country ! my bosom beats fondly for thee ;  
 They talk loud of lands that are fairer on earth,  
 To me there are none like the land of my birth.

Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen!  
 We've sung it before, let us sing it again !  
 While the sky hath a cloud, and the ocean a wave !  
 We'll honour the land of the loyal and brave !

Can sun-brilliant fountains, or rose-garnished plains,  
 Cheer lonely hearts pining in slavery's chains ?  
 No ! give me the tempest-rocked Isle of the North,  
 Where freedom beams brightly on beauty and worth,  
 Then hurrah for the land, &c.

Thine eagles high soaring—thy torrents that sweep  
 O'er dark frowning cliffs to the vast rolling deep

Are types of thy prowess—they rush on their way,  
As thy sons charge their foemen in battle array !  
Then hurrah for the land, &c.

Oh ! fight for thee !—fall for thee !—here is the heart  
From which our old valour shall never depart ;  
And ere thy green vales by oppression be trod,  
Its last drop of blood will empurple thy sod !  
Then hurrah for the land, &c.

### *The Dance.*

Weary toil has set us free,  
Here assembled on the lea,  
Licht o' heart are a', I trow,  
Merriment has bent her bow ;  
Shafts, that gladden as they glide,  
Swiftly flee on ilka side ;  
Captivating tones entrance,  
Dance, my hearties, gaily dance !

Trip it up an' trip it doon,  
Trip it owre the daisied lawn,  
Hearken to that merry tune,  
Blither notes were never blawn !

Piper ! play wi' a' thy skill,  
Gar oor glowing heartstrings thrill,  
Free an' far thy numbers fling  
Till the caves and corries ring ;



Gallant lads and lasses sweet,  
Deftly shake their willing feet ;  
Blaw baith lood an' lang, for weel  
We enjoy a Scottish reel !  
    Trip it up, an' trip it doon, &c.

Come, freends, join oor social cheer,  
Dowie-hearted nane are here ;  
Gazing kindly on the young,  
Age aside its years has flung,  
Sharing in the gladsome glee,  
For it ever loves to see  
Joyous youth, wi' nimble heels,  
Dancing bonnie Scotland's reels !  
    Trip it up, an' trip it doon, &c.

Nurture wi' the dew's o' love  
Trusty plants in pleasure's grove,  
Oh ! hoo sweet to see them blaw  
Free frae sorrow's blighting snaw ;  
Bosoms wrapt in tartan plaids  
Warm to lovely, rosy maids,  
Cheering smiles the nymphs return ;  
Mirth an' fond affection burn !  
    Trip it up, an' trip it doon, &c.

Happiness we wish to a',  
Baith at hame an' far awa',  
Whether they be high or low,  
Fast may favours on them flow ;

Tranquil peace, an' blessings rife,  
Cheer them through the vale o' life ;  
Wrap them in sweet joy, like us  
On oor journey dancing thus!  
Trip it up, an' trip it doon, &c.

**Wife, Faithfu', Fond, an' Bonny.**

Wife, faithfu', fond, an' bonny,  
Darling wi' the smile sae sunny,  
Weel ken I there arena mony  
To compare, sweet love, wi' thee.

Aften hame baith wet an' weary,  
Maun I gang to my wee deary,  
Still this heart is ever cheery,  
When her weel-faured face I see.  
Wife, faithfu', fond, an' bonny, &c.

Fate has blessed me withoot measure,  
My trig dwelling is a pleasure,  
In my bosom's core I'll treasure  
Her until the day I dee.  
Wife, faithfu', fond, an' bonny, &c.

Wha wad think a form sae slender  
Held a heart supremely tender,  
That unfailing bliss can render,  
Love-beams pouring frae her e'e !  
Wife, faithfu', fond, an' bonny, &c.

Blithe as mellow laverock singing ;  
 Fair as stainless lily springing ;  
 Pure as crystal dew-bead clinging  
     To the fragrant rose is she !  
         Wifie, faithfu', fond, an' bonny, &c.

Lovely as a simmer morning,  
 When day's golden lamp is burning,  
 Hill an' valley green adorning,  
     Is the dame that smiles on me !  
         Wifie, faithfu', fond, an' bonny, &c.

### *Fair Time o' Blossoms.*

Fair time o' blossoms, thou dost bring  
 Rich fragrance on thy flou'ry wing,  
 When birds their melting lays renew ;  
 The earth is green, the heavens blue.  
     Glowing gladly ilkawhere.  
     Wildings wave in vernal air.

Alang the vale, high on the rocks,  
 In sunbeams glance sweet simmer's locks ;  
 The wa'flow'r, ivy, heath, an' fern,  
 Smile frae the cliffs sae grandly stern.  
     Bloomy beauty gently reigns,  
     Binding earth in rosy chains !

The yellow broom, the snaw-white thorn,  
An' scented birk, the braes adorn,  
Beneath whase shade, o' lovely green,  
Reclining lovers aft are seen.

Roond about the rowan tree  
Ruddy bairns are dancing free.

The mavis, doon the sylvan dell,  
Rejoices, hark ! his numbers swell ;  
The linty, in his whinny hame,  
Wi' heaving bosom does the same ;  
While the laverock, soaring high,  
Sweetly warbles in the sky.

The willow, bending owre the burn,  
Is mirrored in the crystal urn,  
Whase wavelets ever saftly sing  
“ We beauty owre the landscape fling.”  
What a charming scene is this !  
Burning is my soul wi' bliss !

Before the golden orb o' day  
The gowan spreads its silver ray,  
While glinting frae its bow'r o' green  
The bonnie woodland rose is seen.  
In flow'r, in bird, in stream, an' tree,  
A kindly Providence I see !

## G e m s.

While roaming in a lanely dell,  
*A blossom* met mine e'e ;  
 To scan it's sweet an' genty form  
 I knelt on bended knee.  
 Enshrined in beauty richly rare,  
 Flushed wi' a ruddy glow,  
 It to the silver burnie smiled,  
 Saft murmuring below ;  
 In bloomy pride it there could trace  
 The fairy brichtness o' its face.

A sma' rent in a murky lift  
 Poured doon a golden *beam* ;  
 It on the dreary landscape fell  
 In loveliness supreme ;  
 An' there in splendour's purest licht  
 Refulgently it shone,  
 As if it were a stream o' bliss  
 Frae Heaven's dazzling throne !  
 A golden beam mair bricht an' braw,  
 On earth I ween nane ever saw.

Reclining by a mossy bank,  
 Where nature's treasures grew ;  
 I, sparkling on a bonnie flow'r,  
 Beheld a *pearl o' dew*.  
 It seemed a joy-shed tear wherein  
 The tender love-flame burned—  
 A tear fa'en frae an angel's e'e  
 Owre some lost lamb returned !  
 For purity nocht could compare  
 To that dew-pearl sae sweetly fair !

I sit within my cozie hame,  
 The bairnie looks me thro' ;  
 An' a' the *gems* before surveyed  
 Rise fairer to the view.  
 The *blossom* glows upon her cheek,  
 The *beam* lives in her smile,  
 An' saftly sweet the *pearl o' dew*  
 Shines in her e'e the while,  
 Frae which a flood o' love divine  
 Is gushing to this heart o' mine !

### Hame Love.

Though far awa' frae that loved land, whase flou'r-  
 enamelled sod,  
 In life's young morn wi' faithfu' freends sae blithesomely  
 I trod,  
 Still aft its fondly cherished scenes in beauty wrapt I  
 see—  
 Oh ! bonnie, bonnie Scotland dear to live an' dee in  
 thee !

When dreaming o' langsyne my soul wi' deep devotion  
 fills,  
 Before me, then, in grandeur tow'r my ain romantic  
 hills,  
 While saft the mountain thyme flings forth its fragrance  
 far an' free—  
 Oh ! bonnie, bonnie Scotland dear to live an' dee in  
 thee !

There in a lanely auld kirkyard sleep soondlyside byside  
Twa gentle hearts, ah ! Heaven kens I was their joy  
an' pride ;  
That warm rich flame kind parents feel gushed tenderly  
on me—  
Oh ! bonnie, bonnie Scotland dear to live an' dee in  
thee !

Ye needna speak o' foreign climes where endless  
simmer reigns,  
For to this heart is firmly bound oor ain wi' glowing  
chains—  
Strong chains which time shall never break wherever  
I may be—  
Oh ! bonnie, bonnie Scotland dear to live an' dee in  
thee !

A sprig o' heather brocht frae some serene sweet  
Scottish dell,  
Yields to my breast a nameless charm—a saft endearing  
spell  
That frae the sparkling spring o' love draws warm tears  
to mine e'e—  
Oh ! bonnie, bonnie Scotland dear to live an' dee in  
thee !

We a', while in this vale below, maun thole Fate's  
stormy blast  
For life has mony ups an' doons, an' here my bread  
was cast ;  
When on the altar floor o' faith I lowly bend the knee,  
A blessing, bonnie Scotland, I will ask for thine an'  
thee !

**The Apple o' Mine E'e.**

Bonny, bonny bairnie,  
Laughing ever gay ;  
Merry as a linty  
Lilting on the spray.  
Lichtsomeness as a lambkin  
Dancing on the lea,  
The blithest, an' lithest  
Fairy that I see.

Licht an' airy,  
Nimble fairy  
Toddling up an' doon !  
Fresh as ony  
Rosebud bonny  
Blushing fair in June !

Though the laverock warbling  
Mellow be an' sweet,  
Sweeter is the music  
O' thy tiny feet ;  
Jewel o' my bosom,  
Apple o' mine e'e,  
The fairest, an' rarest  
Fairy that I see.  
Licht an' airy, &c.



*The Apple o' Mine E'e*

Winter, could an' dreary,  
Gane has far awa',  
Simmer, smiling saftly,  
Strews her treasures braw ;  
Wreathed wi' bloomy garlands  
Bounds my darling free,  
The fleetest, an' neatest  
Fairy that I see.  
Licht an' airy, &c.

Brilliant as a sunbeam  
Gaily dost thou rove,  
Doon the dell sae ferny,  
Through the leafy grove,  
Tripping owre the daisies  
Fu' o' gladsome glee,  
The dearest,—sincerest  
Fairy that I see !  
Licht an' airy, &c.



**Age's Love Wreath.**

In happy days gane by, guidwife, the sweetest flow'rs  
that blaw

Were peered by thee, but noo gray Eild hath stown  
thy beauty a';

He, owre thy truthfu', open broo, that ance was lily  
fair,

Hath travelled wi' a sturdy step, an' left his fitprints  
there.

Let Eild do what he may, guidwife, supreme thy love  
shall shine ;

A saft, unsullied stream it pours warm frae thy heart  
to mine ;

As on it flows it deeper turns, an' ever will, I ken,  
While sparkling stars adorn the lift, an' heather-bells  
the glen.

Beneath a load o' years, guidwife, we're juist like trees  
time-riven,

Still, tho' we soon maun fade on earth, we'll bloom  
again in Heaven !

Where Truth the rich reward will reap it fondly strove  
for here,

An' tears nae mair the e'e can dim, nor grief the bosom  
sere.

Look to the sunny side, guidwife, tho' gloaming roond  
us draws ;

They wha ha'e striven for the best to happy be ha'e  
cause ;

Oor journey, in this vale below, will soon come to an  
end ;

Syne may the shadows on oor path like balmy dewes  
descend.


Oor bairns are doing weel, guidwife, an' prood are we  
 to ken  
 Oor sons ha'e gotten thrifty wives, oor dochters honest  
 men ;  
 Oor wee grand-bairns, wi' guileless glee, sae weel-faur'd,  
 fresh, an' fair,  
 Are pu'ing at my auld coat tail, an' rugging at my hair.

Affection gilds thy smile, guidwife, a couthie heart thou  
 hast ;  
 I loved thee dearly frae the first, shall love thee to the  
 last ;  
 While rending are the mystic ties, enchainin' soul an'  
 frame,  
 Wi' fervour deep, my trembling lips will breathe thy  
 cherished name !

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy words are doubly dear, guidman, I ken that heart  
 o' thine  
 Still dotes on me sincerely, as it did in auld langsyne,  
 When owre the braes we blithely roamed, where ilka  
 scene could charm,  
 And felt beneath love's rosy spell oor bosoms fondly  
 warm.

That time an' this between, guidman, what changes  
 seen we ha'e,  
 The nimble limbs are feeble noo, the raven tresses gray;  
 But Providence was ever kind an' led us safely thro'  
 The darkest clouds o' sorrow's nicht to skies serenely  
 blue.



An' tho' I never may, guidman, forget the time that saw  
Death summon, frae oor bonnie flock, twa wee pet  
lambs awa' !

Why should the heart be drooned in wae ? the day is  
drawing nigh

When we oor loved an' lost will meet in realms o'  
bliss on high !

True, Fortune seldom smiles, guidman, upon oor lowly  
hame,

Yet, Happiness has aften cheered us wi' her amber  
flame,

While we in ilka nook ha'e pu'd, amid her bloomy  
bow'rs,

By lispng voices vocal made, sweet joy-diffusing flow'rs.

My first an' dearest wish, guidman, while I am to the  
fore,

Will be to mak' thee blest : could I earth's purest  
pleasures pour

Into the cup o' life for thee till it flowed owre the  
brim,

The faintest shade o' dowie care thy lot wad never  
dim.

The tide o' change may flow, guidman, but fond affec-  
tion's ray,

That kensna hoo to fade, illumines wi' golden licht oor  
way ;

As glides the fragrance o' the rose upon the morning  
air,

Sae glides my leal heart-love to thee, an' will for ever-  
mair !

### **Life's Sunny Morning.**

Mind'st thou, winsome wifie, o' life's sunny morning,  
When like twa wee fairies, sae hearty an' free,  
We roved through the valley, a' weariness scorning,  
An' gambolled, like lammies, upon the green lea?

Mind'st thou when I speel'd up the trees for red rowans  
That sweetly, in clusters, on ilka branch grew?  
An' when I cam' doon, 'mang the knowes, I pu'd  
gowans,  
Syne wi' them, delighted, to thee, love, I flew.

The rowans resembled thy cheeks richly glowing,  
I wove them in chainlets to grace thy wee neck,  
The gowans then took, while love's fount fast was  
flowing,  
An' bound them, in bunches, thy bosom to deck.

When tidily buskit, oh! thou didst look finely,  
A sweeter wee angel I thocht couldna be;  
The smile on thy cherry lip sported divinely,  
The star o' endearment shone bricht in thine e'e.

Till death snap the cords o' this fond heart asunder,  
I aft to thae joy-scenes, in fancy, will turn,  
Where through the green braiken we blithely did  
wander,  
An' paidled, like ducks, in the clear wimpling burn.

Noo lang ha'e we been, in sweet wedlock, thegither,  
As couthie birds dwell in their hame on the tree;  
Adversity's storms, raging wild, couldna wither  
The love-rose that blooms in my bosom for thee!

**Life's Gloaming.**

Noo I'm drawing near my gloaming, swiftly passes  
time awa' ;

Darker, an' mair dark the shadows deepen as they  
round me fa'.

Frae the freends I soon maun sever I ha'e loved since  
life's young day,

An' will honour while I travel doon the brae, doon  
the brae !

Feeble on a staff I'm leaning, lanely, sair, toil-worn  
an' auld ;

For the Shepherd kind I'm waiting, He'll convey me  
to the fauld.

There relieved o' ilka burden, I'll forgather an' be gay  
Wi' the freends that passed before me doon the brae,  
doon the brae !

They wha to my heart were dearest, lang, lang noo  
ha'e been awa',

Still the sweet thocht mak's me happy, that I soon will  
see them a'

In a fair land, never darkened by the dowie clouds o'  
wae,—

Smile, ye Pou'rs aboon, an' cheer me doon the brae,  
doon the brae !

Gild my path wi' gowden lustre, aid thae weary feet  
o' mine ;

Guide me on my hameward journey, to the freends o'  
auld langsyne.

Let my lang lost bosom-treasures meet me on the  
seraph-way ;

Life is ebbing fast, I'm nearly doon the brae, doon  
the brae !

### Meet me by the Willow Tree.

Meet me by the willow tree  
Beside the wimpling burn sae glassy,  
There love's tale I'll tell to thee,  
My fair, my fond an' faithfu' lassie !

As gently on its wavelets flow,  
Sae tenderly oor hearts will glow ;  
When seen by nane  
Hoo blithe an' fain  
We'll be, my bonnie lassie !  
Meet me by the willow tree, &c.

The gowans that the glen adorn,  
Empearled wi' dew at early morn,  
Are sweet to see,  
Still canna be  
Compared wi' my dear lassie !  
Meet me by the willow tree, &c.

The stainless foam upon the shore,  
Resembles her that I adore,  
Sae pure an' bright ;  
My soul's delight  
Art thou bewitching lassie !  
Meet me by the willow tree, &c.

Balm-laden breezes frae the west,  
Will saftly fan thy loving breast,

While ilka charm  
Thou hast will warm  
This heart, endearing lassie !  
Meet me by the willow tree, &c.

### **Sic a Price !**

On the chaste ears o' the leddies  
Rang the fishwife's lusty cry—  
“ Wha will buy my caller haddies,  
Flooks or codlins, wha will buy ? ”  
Heads were oot at windows poppin',  
Viewin' sonsy Meggie pass ;  
Swith, yon villa door flew open,  
Forward rushed a rosy lass.  
“ Weel, hoo are the haddies sellin' ? ”  
Frae her sweet lips saftly fell ;  
“ There, that lot is juist a shillin',  
Nane wad get them but yoursel' ! ”  
“ Sic a price ! I canna tak' them ;  
They will never sell I fear ;  
Can ye no some cheaper mak' them ?  
Mercy ! they are awfu' dear ! ”  
“ Mind ye they are fresh an' caller,  
Finer fish ye never saw ;  
Dinna grudge sae sair the siller,  
Gi'e a bode noo—come awa' ! ”



“Folk maun o’ their cash be tenty,  
It’s no easy won, my sang !  
Sixpence I consider plenty,  
Will ye tak’ it ere I gang ?”

“Guidsake hear ! am I a plaything ?  
Look upon that weary load,  
Think ye it was got for naething ?  
Haith ! I couldna tak’ your bode.”

“Weel, it disna matter mickle,  
Nannie soon will be this way,  
She mair cannie wields the sickle,  
Still for a’ that cuts maist hay.”

“Losh ! I wonder thus to see ye ;  
Dinna gar me langer wait,  
I will halve the diff’rence wi’ ye,  
Gi’e me ninepence—haud your plate.”

“Na, na, far owre deep ye dippit  
In my pouch the ither day,”  
Said the lass, syne backward trippit  
To the villa, licht an’ gay.

“Here, my deary ! come an’ get them,  
Little for this back ye feel ;  
Aften am I forced to let them  
Gang to ease my heavy creel.

Whiles thae caller beauties, hinny,  
Bocht are wi' the lives o' men."  
"True ! but on a day that's rainy  
Meggie winna sell her hen !"

"At my words, instead o' jestin',  
Feelin' should fill heart an' speech."  
"Wait noo, let me ask a questi'n,  
Is 't a' gospel that ye preach ?"

"Hoot ! your jokes wad never slacken,  
Lauchin' blithe ye ha'e been born ;  
Hoist the creel upon my back, an'  
Mind I come this way the morn !"

**My Bonnie, Bonnie Bairn.**

My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
Pure as a sparkling pearl o' dew,—  
Thy mither's love for thee  
Is higher than the lift sae blue,  
An' deeper than the sea ;  
It warmer couldna be.  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
Gay spring serenely, ilkawhere,  
Is gracing plain an' hill,  
Wi' stainless blossoms, lovely, rare,  
The breast wi' joy to fill ;  
But thou art rarer still.  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !


*My Bonnie, Bonnie Bairn*

My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
While I can feel this bosom glow  
Wi' Life's warm crimson stream,  
I, at Love's altar bending low,  
Will ask the Great Supreme  
That bliss on thee may beam.  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
May rosy joys be manifold,  
An' clouding cares as few,  
An' may thy lamp, when I am auld,  
Wi' lustre fondly true  
Shine bricht on mither's broo.  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
Upon thy fair angelic face,  
Unkent to grief or guile,  
The stamp o' innocence I trace  
In ilka genial smile ;  
My hale soul canst thou wile.  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
As fragrance frae the blushing rose  
Perfumes the vernal air,  
Thy sunny glance on me bestows  
A balm for weary care ;  
May Providence thee spare !  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !




My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
That e'e, supremely blue, o' thine  
To me is dearer far  
Than treasures frae the richest mine  
Or costly jewels are,—  
Wee bosom-blessing star !  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
O' pleasure thou the fountain art,  
Fringed wi' endearing flow'rs,  
Saft sweetness pouring roond the heart,  
As if frae fairy bow'rs  
It cam' to charm the hours !  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
Smile !—an' I feel the sun's glad glow  
Upon a July morn,  
Lisp !—an' I hear the saft voice o'  
The sweetest darling born  
Subduing sorrow's thorn !  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !  
Ray ! beaming on a dreary rock—  
Rich glowing, golden shrine,  
Wherein affection's gems I lock,  
As thae fond arms o' mine  
Enfauld thy form divine !  
My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

**Come, Dear Lassie, Come.**

Laverocks warble in the sky,  
Merry are their lays,  
Scented zephyrs softly sigh  
Owre the broomy braes,  
Lambkins dance upon the lea,  
Darling wilt thou gang wi' me?  
Come, love, come ! come, love, come !  
Silver streams are wimpling clear,  
Scenes sae sweet thy soul will cheer,  
Come, love, come ! come, love, come !  
Music rare  
Fills the air,  
Come, dear lassie, come !

Blithe an' happy will the hours  
Glide on golden wing,  
While the bonnie moorland flou'rs  
Roond us sweetly spring,  
Nature smiles in sunny pride,  
Beauty reigns on ilka side,  
Come, love, come ! come, love, come !  
Fairest nursling o' my field,  
Thou canst charms unnumbered yield,  
Come, love, come ! come, love, come !  
Let thy glance  
Me entrance,  
Come, dear lassie, come !



Garnished owre wi' heather bells  
Mountain sides are seen,  
Far within the shady dells  
Wave the breckens green,  
Daisies meek the meadows gem  
Fair art thou an' pure like them,  
Come, love, come ! come, love, come !  
Grant thy laddie's fond request,  
Fill wi' joy his throbbing breast,  
Come, love, come ! come, love, come !  
Licht an' gay  
Let us stray,  
Come, dear lassie, come !

### **Before Time.**

Oh ! what has become o' my laddie sae dear ?  
The time noo is past that he should ha'e been here,  
I wearily wait by the green willow tree—  
Is my bonnie laddie no coming to me ?  
Sae neatly arrayed  
In bonnet an' plaid,  
Is my bonnie laddie no coming to me ?

Aroond me there's beauty aboon an' below,  
The streamlets are sparkling, the sunny skies glow,  
But oh ! to this bosom they peace canna gi'e—  
Is my bonnie laddie no coming to me ?

Wi' mony a charm  
Sae kindly an' warm,  
Is my bonnie laddie no coming to me ?

Awa' wi' foreboding, his heart has nae guile,  
Sincerity beams in his glad glowing smile;  
Unfaithfu' I ken that he never can be—  
Is my bonnie laddie no coming to me ?  
I canna believe  
That he will deceive,  
Is my bonnie laddie no coming to me ?

Fond love binds the bird wi' the warmest o' spells  
To yon mossy hame where his tender mate dwells,  
Fond love wiled me hither before time a wee—  
I see my ain laddie noo coming to me !  
Thus bringing me bliss,  
For I will be his,  
Far dearer than life is my laddie to me !



### **Mair Welcome than the Flou'rs o' May.**

Once mair we've met, my trusty freend, that honest  
face o' thine  
Wi' kindness glows an' turns my thochts to happy auld  
langsyne,  
When on oor bosoms, blithe an' fain, nae sorrow-  
shadows lay—  
Thy hand !—thou art mair welcome than the fairest  
flou'rs o' May.

On former joys, wi' warm delight, remembrance fondly  
dwells,  
Thegither then we speel'd the braes an' pierced the  
deepest dells,  
An' still the tender spirit feels the flame o' life's young  
day—  
My freend, thou art mair welcome than the fairest  
flou'rs o' May.

When sindered lang by fickle Fate, hoo sweet to pu'  
wi' thee  
The blossoms that in beauty shine frae freendship's  
hallowed tree ;  
The ruddy clusters—pure an' bricht—are bending ilka  
spray—  
Auld freend, thou art mair welcome than the fairest  
flou'rs o' May.

Beneath the bosom-cheering beams o' Fortune's rosy  
sun  
Serenely may'st thou bask until life's ravelled hank be  
spun,  
An' ilka blessing on thee flow undimmed by weary  
wae—  
My freend, thou art mair welcome than the fairest  
flou'rs o' May !



### **The Heather of Scotia.**

A song for the heather, the glory-crowned heather,  
The pride of old Scotia, the land of the brave !  
To its praise let us blend our glad voices together,  
It smiles on the free, but it knows not the slave !

In beauty it blooms upon liberty's track,  
Where valour and virtue hath chosen a home,  
And where our forefathers triumphant rolled back  
The tide of invasion, the legions of Rome.

A song for the heather, &c.

Among it our lighthearted maidens so sweet,  
With lovers whose bosoms are faithful and bold,  
To soul-stirring numbers shake nimbly the feet,  
Poured forth by the blithe-sounding warpipe of old.

A song for the heather, &c.

High o'er it the bright star of peace, fraught with fame,  
A rich golden light sheds on mountain and glen ;  
But sound the proud slogan in freedom's loved name,  
And teem will the heather with noble-souled men !

A song for the heather, &c.

The Scot, though he roams on earth's loveliest shore,  
This wish, ever cherished, his manly breast fills,  
Oh ! when will kind Fate to its birth-place restore  
A heart throbbing wild for its dear heather hills ?

A song for the heather, &c.

**The Faither's Welcome.**

When day has departed, an' stars stud the sky,  
Frae labour, though weary, I cheerfully hie,  
For weel do I ken that my ain couthie dame,  
Wi' joy-yielding smiles, waits to welcome me hame!

Though deep driven snaw cover mountain an' field,  
Though winter his cauld icy sceptre may wield,  
Though frosty winds blaw, in my breast there's a flame  
That glows at the thocht o' my wifie an' hame!

The road maistly travelled, the door I draw near,  
It opens, an' shouts o' delight meet mine ear,  
For loodly a group o' wee roguies exclaim—  
“ My faither! my faither! oh! come awa' hame !”

Transported aroond me like fillies they trot,  
Ane pits on my bonnet, anither my coat,  
A third merry madcap my big shoon will claim,  
Wi' blithe peals o' laughter syne rings my wee hame !

By her wha is fair as the rich rose in June,  
The heart-cheering meal is before me set doon,  
The love-pledges gather to share in the same,  
While I, frae the neuk, rule my cosh, happy hame !

Thus seated beside my belov'd bosom queen,  
Pure joy's radiant star beaming sweetly is seen.  
The miser loves riches, the conqueror fame,  
But I, a dear wifie an' clean, tidy hame !

**Dear Lassie.**

Fair blue bells bloom upon the brae,  
Mild gowans gem the lea ;  
I ken a fairer far than they,  
An' sweeter,—it is thee, dear lassie.  
An' sweeter,—it is thee.

Thou dost my fondest thochts employ,  
Nor ha'e I loved in vain ;  
Bliss fills my soul without alloy,  
For thou art a' my ain, dear lassie.  
For thou art a' my ain.

In fairy visions o' the nicht,  
By day in rosy dreams,  
Frae thy dark e'e affection's licht  
In beauty on me beams, dear lassie.  
In beauty on me beams.

When gloaming closes owre the glen,  
Wi' warm love's sweetest smile  
An' throbbing bosom, meet me then  
Beside the auld kirk stile, dear lassie.  
Beside the auld kirk stile.

I deeply feel thy winning pou'r,  
Entrancing are thy charms ;  
Oh! heaven speed the happy hour  
That faulds thee in mine arms, dear lassie.  
That faulds thee in mine arms.

As turns the cushet to his nest,  
Drawn by his genty fair,  
Sae turn will I to thy fond breast,  
An' love thee evermair, dear lassie.  
An' love thee evermair !

**Hoo can I feel Dowie.**

Hoo can I feel dowie an' drear,  
When sic a sweet warbler is near?—  
    Fond wifie, thy tongue  
    Can charm auld an' young,  
Then some Scottish strains, saftly clear,  
Pour forth frae thy soul on mine ear.

    Again an' again them repeat,  
    For I love ditties sung  
    In the auld Doric tongue,  
    Sae heart-touching, tender, an' sweet!

Oh! lilt me the lays o' langsyne ;  
My heart wi' the past they entwine ;  
    O' true fire possesset,  
    They pour through the breast  
A torrent o' rapture divine !  
Rare beauty pervades ilka line !  
    Again an' again them repeat, &c.

My spirit, on pinions o' flame,  
Is wafted on high when they name  
    The noble an' guid,  
    Wha shed their best bluid  
In defence o' religion an' hame !  
Thus won for oor Isle deathless fame !  
    Again an' again them repeat, &c.

74      *We'll gi'e ane Anither a Lift up the Hill*

But oh ! when they tell o' life's waes !  
Through tear-mist I mournfully gaze !  
Then bid care depart,  
An' shou'r frae thy heart  
The blithest o' Scotia's sweet lays !  
Diffusing fair joy's golden rays !  
Again an' again them repeat, &c.


**We'll gi'e ane Anither a Lift up the Hill.**

Let war's crimson brand slumber deep in its sheath,  
But peace freely roam in her love-glowing wreath ;  
For why should a brither a brither's bluid spill ?  
We 'll gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.

The years, few an' fleeting, allotted to man,  
Will rapidly vanish—they seem but a span ;  
Come, shouter to shouter, wi' hearty guid will,  
An' gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.

Upon the heart's altar did kindliness burn,  
Cauld care's darkest gloom into joy it micht turn,  
Thus gar sweet bliss-balm thro' the warm-soul distil—  
We 'll gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.

Draw nearer auld crony, thy hand lay in mine,  
Between us may freendship's dear star ever shine ;  
In weal or in wae, bravely drive the life-mill,  
An' gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.



In bonds o' affection hoo blithe are the hours ;  
The birds warble sweeter, mair fair bloom the flou'rs ;  
The skies, too, smile brichter oor joy-cup to fill--  
Oh ! gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.

If want cloud thy dwelling, remember that mine  
Has ilka thing needfu', sae dinna repine ;  
When poverty's blast blaws unbridled an' chill,  
We'll gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.

The road may be langsome, an' heavy thy pack,  
But when thou art weary juist place 't on my back ;  
Refreshed by the nectar o' love's sparkling rill,  
We'll gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.

Let stainless truth flourish—grim envy decay,  
Let valour an' virtue lead nobly the way,  
An' each maply bosom will earnestly thrill  
To gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.

While still onward toiling, an' nearing the crest,  
Should cauldride misfortune oor passage contest,  
The harder we'll battle to conquer dark ill,  
An' gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill.

The heart is unworthy that tamely wad shun  
A field where the fairest o' laurels are won ;  
Then gallantly forward, oor purpose fulfil,  
An' gi'e ane anither a lift up the hill !

### **The Linty.**

Thee, bonnie bird, I love to meet,  
Where wildings bloom aroond my feet,  
That seem wi' gladsome smiles, to greet  
    The fair sunshine,  
While thou dost thrill wi' music sweet  
    This breast o' mine.

There, lichtly on thine airy wing,  
Frae bough to bough, gay dost thou spring ;  
Wi' warm delight I hear thee sing  
    Thy merry lays,  
An' see the full blawn blossoms fling  
    Pearls frae the sprays.

Aloft the branches far between,  
Amid the waving foliage green,  
Thy tiny form is jimplly seen,  
    Still thou art heard,  
An' sweeter sangster ne'er I ween,  
    My bosom stirr'd.

Thy harmony, untinged by art,  
Hath pou'r to soothe the dowie heart ;  
It gars the bud o' pleasure start  
    Where care hath been,  
An' frae the soul draws sorrow's dart,  
    Sharp, cruel, keen.

Sing on, wee warbler, lood an' clear,  
Fling far aroond thy cantie cheer;  
Lang will I wait thy lilt to hear,  
                    They are sae sweet,  
As they come pouring on mine ear,  
                    Frae thy retreat.

Fond rapture in thy music lies;  
Me thou hast bound wi' golden ties;  
There's no a bird, beneath the skies,  
                    Can charm me mair  
Than thee; I'll ever dearly prize  
                    Thy matins rare.

The mellow sweetness o' thy voice,  
Reminds me o' this bosom's choice,  
Wha gars my inmost core rejoice,  
                    Fann'd by love's flame—  
When she a melting sang employs  
                    To cheer oor hame.

When flou'rs the banks an' braes adorn,  
Thou sitt'st upon that snaw-white thorn  
To usher in the genial morn  
                    Wi' rosy e'e,  
While on the breeze thy notes are borne  
                    Far owre the lea.

I ken thy nest is snug within  
The branches o' a blooming whin,



That stands where yon clear wavelets rin  
Owre rocks sae flinty,  
I winna touch't,—'t wad be a sin  
To harm thee, Linty !

When doon the sun sinks in the west,  
Thou gangs to roost aboon thy nest,—  
A chosen spot, by thee loved best  
When wearing late,  
Where thou art made a welcome guest  
By thy wee mate.

There wilt thou close thy little e'e,  
Owre a' that's sweet an' dear to thee,  
Till morning dawn, syne wilt thou flee,  
To sing thy sang  
Upon some fair, bloom-laden tree,  
The woods amang.

Thy ways, kind bird, resemble mine,  
My mate is leal an' true, like thine ;  
Her love-lit e'en upon me shine  
Supremely fair !  
I'll fondly kneel before her shrine  
For evermair !



*My Hieland Hame.*

I wandered in a foreign clime, where wild flou'rs  
blossomed fair,

An' socht for Scotia's sweet blue bell, but fand nae  
blue bell there ;

Syne as a tear frae love's pure fount warm trembled in  
mine e'e,

My spirit to my hieland hame was wafted owre the sea.

My Hieland hame, my Hieland hame !  
Oh ! hoo it fans affection's flame !  
On earth there is nae spot the same  
To me, as my dear Hieland hame !

Where mountains towered, an' foaming floods their  
channels deep had worn,

Wi' throbbing breast I lang surveyed the cot where I  
was born,

My kindly Mither blest my view, wha nursed me on  
her knee,

An' happymade oor Hieland hame far, far across the sea.  
My Hieland hame, my Hieland hame ! &c.

Companions, loved langsyne, I saw aroond the hearth  
convene,

The silver tresses o' my Sire threw rev'rence owre the  
scene ;

Truth glowed in ilka honest face, like sunlicht on the lea,  
Thus filled wi' joy my Hieland hame far, far across  
the sea.

My Hieland hame, my Hieland hame ! &c.

Upon that cherished spot, again, to dwell my bosom  
 burned ;  
 Drawn by love-chains, time couldna break, I to my  
 freends returned,  
 Their gladsome souls the darkest day adorn wi' purest  
 glee ;  
 My Hieland hame I'll leave nae mair to cross the  
 stormy sea.  
 My Hieland hame, my Hieland hame ! &c.

### *The Scottish Reel.*

Ho ! Donald Machearty, blaw briskly your chanter,  
 Cock sprucely your bonnet sae blue ;  
 Wi' fair blooming Mary sae lang dinna banter,  
 She'll ever prove tender an' true ;  
 Oor bosoms are glad,  
 But if they were sad,  
 Your music that sadness could droon,—  
 Then merrily play  
 The best reel ye ha'e,  
 We'll trip it till like to fa' doon !  
 Sprightly an' blithesomely,  
 Lightly an' lithesomely  
 Owre the green sward freely bounding are we !  
 Haters o' dreariness !  
 Lovers o' cheeriness !  
 Wha wadna join in oor frolicsome glee ?  
 Come hasten, the stranger to pleasure bring hither,  
 Upon him we'll sunny smiles heap,

Till dowie despondency, baffled, shall wither,  
While bliss golden laurels will reap ;  
    To unrivalled mirth  
    The gay reel gî'es birth,  
Unkent to contention an' strife ;  
    'Tis better by far  
    To bask in the star  
O' joy as we journey through life !  
    Sprightly an' blithesomely ! &c.

Green tartans are waving !—the piper plays loodly,  
His glad notes the dancers inspire ;  
The sons o' the heather are footing it proodly,  
Though weary the maidens retire ;  
    Each lad ruddy faced,  
    An' mountain-breeze braced,  
Triumphantly wheels through the air ;  
    An' each lassie's smile  
    Becomes a sweet wile  
To nerve her fond lover still mair !  
    Sprightly an' blithesomely ! &c.

Heuch ! faster my hearties !—the far winding valley  
Re-echoes the bold strains o' yore,  
Soon roond ye the rosy young damsels will rally  
Their praise on your bosoms to pour,  
    Wi' love-beaming e'en  
    They wait on the green  
Arrayed in the fairest o' charms ;  
    Then finish the reel,  
    For a' ha'e dune weel,  
An' lovingly rush to their arms !  
    Sprightly an' blithesomely ! &c.

**Old Scotland.**

The freedom of Scotland was gallantly gained  
On many a red battle-field,  
Her honour by cowardice never was stained,  
Her claymore knows not how to yield !

Old Scotland our bosoms hold dear !  
As proudly our banner we rear !  
Uncover brave men,  
And make every glen  
Resound with a grand Highland cheer !

Our maidens are pure as the clear sparkling rills,  
Warm constancy reigns in each breast ;  
How lightly they trip over heather-clad hills  
No conqueror ever has prest !


Old Scotland our bosoms hold dear, &c.

While on those green valleys high heaven will smile,  
Where lifts the bold thistle its head,  
We, steadfast in danger, shall stand for our isle,  
And for it our dearest blood shed !

Old Scotland our bosoms hold dear, &c.

We seek not for glory 'mid war's purple flame,  
Bright laurels sweet peace can produce—  
Yet guard shall we nobly the rich wreaths of fame  
Bequeathed by brave Wallace and Bruce !

Old Scotland our bosoms hold dear, &c.



When Tyranny frowns on our bonneted braves,  
As wont, still our challenge shall be—  
“Go, despot, and fetter the wild heaving waves,  
For we are the sons of the free!”  
Old Scotland our bosoms hold dear, &c.

### *Wee Robin.*

Ae day to oor window a wee Robin cam',  
A sweet little warbler indeed,  
An' loodly he whistled, “Hoo happy I am  
When fed wi' saft mulins o' breid.  
Wheet wheety, wheet wheet,  
Wheet wheety, wheet wheet,  
When fed wi' saft mulins o' breid.

Against my wee bosom the bitter hail thuds,  
To eat I ha'e naething ava ;  
I fare very weel when amang the green wuds,  
But canna do that amang snaw.  
Wheet wheety, wheet wheet, &c.

Ye ha'e a sweet lassie, a charming wee chit,  
An' she is frank, loving, an' kind ;  
When she gets a piece I am sure o' a bit—  
She aye keeps wee Robin in mind.  
Wheet wheety, wheet wheet, &c.

The loaf syne I lifted an' gied her a slice,  
Wee Robin, nae doot, got his share,

An' said, as he took it, "Oh! that's awfu' nice!  
 Juist gi'e me a sma' morsel mair!"  
 Wheet wheety, wheet wheet, &c.

The kind lassie gied him anither guid whang,  
 An' said, while her heid she did toss,  
 "When that ye ha'e finished I think ye may gang,  
 For then, freend, ye canna be boss!"  
 Wheet wheety, wheet wheet, &c.

Said pauky wee Robin, "I feel happy noo,  
 Sic freendship I wish to retain;  
 Sae here will I hover an' warble to you,  
 I soon may be hungry again!"  
 Wheet wheety, wheet wheet, &c.

### **Oor Dear Auld Hame.**

The gentle heart is ever young,  
 Although the locks are gray,  
 An' blithely soars, on sunny wing,  
 Back to life's early day;  
 When faither, by the ingle side,  
 An' mither kind, I see;  
 Oh! weel I love oor dear auld hame  
 Although it lowly be.

A genial warmth is cherished there,  
 In bosoms auld an' young;

High honour beams on ilka face,  
Truth fa's frae ilka tongue ;  
An' purple blossoms sweetly glow  
On freendship's trusty tree !—  
Forget wha could their dear auld hame  
Although it lowly be ?

Hoo fondly thocht an' feeling weave  
Aroond the heart a spell,  
Where nestle dreams o' bygane years,  
Nae tongue may ever tell ;  
While saftly through love's channel flows  
A tear into mine e'e !—  
My soul warms to the dear auld hame  
Although it lowly be !

My cheek that wore a ruddy bloom,  
Is pale and furrowed noo ;  
The stately step has feeble grown,  
The lustre left my broo ;  
Still, searing Time will never quench  
The tender flame in me !—  
Weel, weel I love oor dear auld hame  
Although it lowly be !

Enchantment hangs aroond the name !—  
Until I breath my last,  
I, through sweet Fancy's rosy mist,  
Will dwell upon the past ;



When Bliss, withoot a shadow, poured  
 Her sunshine far an' free !—  
 This breast reveres the dear auld hame  
 Although it lowly be !

Oh ! then, that lovely, hallowed spot  
 Again let me survey ;  
 The woodland wild, the wimpling burn,  
 The bonnie broomy brae ;  
 The blue loch, fringed wi' willows green,  
 An' flou'r-embroidered lea !  
 For weel I love oor dear auld hame  
 Although it lowly be !

### *Nae Fireside Like Oor Ain.*

On hill an' plain the snaw deep lies,  
 The winds are wailing drear,  
 Dark frowning are the wintry skies,  
 The piercing frost severe.  
 Bound are the streams wi' icy chains,  
 The woods are bleak an' bare,  
 But comfort in oor dwelling reigns,  
 An' a' its joys we share.

Oh ! blithe an' happy here are we,  
 Oor hearts are beating fain !  
 Gang far we may, still never see  
 A fireside like oor ain !

Diffusing bliss to gild my bow'r,  
An' cheer life's weary way,  
Beside me blooms my chosen flow'r,  
Endearing, sweet, an' gay ;  
That rose, unsullied in its hue,  
Conceals nae cruel thorn—  
Contentment beams upon her broo, ^  
An' smiles her face adorn.  
Oh ! blithe an' happy here are we, &c.

Nae zephyrs, filled wi' rich perfume,  
Through leafy branches play,  
Nae tufts o' golden-tasselled broom  
Are seen on bank or brae ;  
But oh ! thy face, serenely sweet,  
An' love-glints o' thine e'e,  
Wi' music frae wee tongues an' feet,  
Bring simmer aye to me !  
Oh ! blithe an' happy here are we, &c.

### *The Mither's Sang.*

My wark, for the present, I'll noo lay aside  
An' nurse this wee pet, o' my heart he's the pride,  
What pleasure to see him brisk, tidy, an' clean,  
Rampaging aroond me frae morning till e'en.

Far ha'e I travelled, still never saw ony  
Fond winning fairy sae blithesome an' bonny ;  
Ootby or in, I am happy an' cheery  
That I ha'e gotten sae sweet a wee deary !

My lot upon earth is but lowly, yet I  
Possess a bricht jewel that wealth couldna buy ;

•

A fairer or rarer, wi' beauties mair rife,  
 Ne'er smoothed, as it prattled, the rough path o' life  
 Far ha'e I travelled, still never saw ony, &c.

A wee brilliant sunbeam is he glinting thro'  
 A sky that is dreary an' dark in its hue ;  
 A rosebud diffusing a rich ruddy glow,  
 An' sweetly adorning this desert below.  
 Far ha'e I travelled, still never saw ony, &c.

The bee loves the blossom when simmer smiles gay,  
 The throstle the dell where it warbles its lay ;  
 The lamb loves the gowan upon the green lea,—  
 But I my wee laddie sae dear, dear to me !  
 Far ha'e I travelled, still never saw ony, &c.

### *My Comely Queen.*

When thy smiles wi' mine are meeting,  
 Warm as bloom-dappled June,  
 An' this heart is fondly beating  
 Love's sweetly tender tune,  
 Oh ! then, dear winning maiden,  
 Wi' snawy breast, love-laden,  
 This earth becomes an Eden  
 That lifts my soul aboon !

Dame simmer fair,  
 Wi' wildings rare,  
 Has gemmed the valleys braw !  
 Still thou, I ween,  
 My comely queen,  
 Art rarer than them a' !

Lovely is the sunset glowing  
    Upon this tranquil scene,  
Lovely, too, the streamlet flowing,  
    Fresh, flou'ry braes between ;  
        Yet, skies o' purple, glancing,  
        Or crystal waters dancing,  
        Possess nae spell entrancing  
    ' Like that in thy blue e'en !  
        Dame simmer fair, &c.

See ! yon blushing roses blending  
    Wi' harebells, in the howe,  
Odours, saftly sweet, are sending  
    Owre ilka verdant knowe.  
        They love the dew-beads dearly,  
        That on them glisten clearly,  
        But, darling, mair sincerely  
    Loved by this breast art thou !  
        Dame simmer fair, &c.

Void o' care, the merle is singing  
    His gladsome gloaming sang,  
Far his notes are wildly ringing  
    The leafy woods amang ;  
        Like him, in deep devotion,  
        Upon love's amber ocean,  
        Wi' my bliss-bark in motion,  
    I gaily glide alang !  
        Dame simmer fair, &c.

**Mither Dear.**

O' freends, dear mither, thou hast been  
The kindest an' the best ;  
In sickness fain was I to lean  
Upon thy loving breast.  
Mither dear, mither dear !  
May'st thou be blest !

The soothing balm that frae thy smile  
Fell saftly on my heart  
Did a' my langsome hours beguile,  
Bade weariness depart.  
Mither dear, mither dear  
To me thou art.

Aft didst thou smooth, wi' gentle hand,  
My tear-stained pillow doon,  
An' tauld me o' the cloudless land—  
Yon azure vault aboon.  
Mither dear, mither dear !  
Thee glory croon !

At midnight calm when balmy sleep  
Sealed mony a weary e'e,  
I've heard thee pray, in fervour deep,  
That I restored micht be.  
Mither dear, mither dear !  
On bended knee.

Noo spring's sweet breath, owre hill an' dale,  
Comes laden wi' perfume ;  
My cheeks, although baith wan an' pale,  
Will soon like roses bloom.  
Mither dear, mither dear !  
Joy's smiles resume.  
Be't mine to smooth thy furrowed broo,  
An' happy mak' thy hame ;  
As clings the wee lamb to the ewe,  
I'll cling to thee the same.  
Mither dear, mither dear !  
This is my aim !

### *Heart Words.*

#### *A Scottish Peasant's Counsel to his Young Son.*

Come here, my ain dear laddie,  
Tak' this advice frae me,—  
The brae o' life speel steady,  
Calm an' courageous be.  
Find wilt thou, though toiled sairly,  
An eident life is best,—  
The bird that gathers early  
Bigs aye a cozie nest.  
Deal cannily an' couthy ;  
Keep far frae gruesome greed ;  
An' gin thy stores get routhy,  
Mind them wha are in need.

Fend weel thy loving mither,

Should I awa' be ta'en ;

Let never poortith wither

A heart sae warm an' fain !

Thee fondly she has cherished

Wi' tenderest concern,

An' rather wad ha'e perished

Than let ocht wrang her bairn.

If sorrow-clouds come lowering

Thy peace o' mind to rend,

Stand, like the brave oak, towering

Wi' stem that winna bend.

Though fondest hopes be riven,

An' prospects fair tak' flicht,

He wha rules earth an' heaven

Can darkness turn to licht.

Let truth in thy young bosom

Free as yon fountain play,

An' pure be as the blossom

Bathed by its pearly spray.

In a' that's guid tak' pleasure,

An' wickedness despise ;

The Bible deeply treasure,

Man's rarest, richest prize.

Thy bark, when set in motion,

May weather ilka gale,

Gin Thrift will oar wi' caution,  
An' Judgment spread the sail.  
Should could Fate bid thee saunter,  
Still bravely onward plod,  
An', like a covenantaner,  
Love native land an' God !  
Hypocrisy's dark mantle  
Wear never—it brings shame ;  
Faith-girded, thole a hantle,  
To keep an honest name !

*My Ain Heather Land.*

Oh ! my ain heather land, oh ! my ain heather land,  
Wi' thy valleys sae green, an' thy mountains sae grand ;  
This heart is aye at hame though my feet canna stand  
Amid the gowaned knowes o' my ain heather land !

In dreamland's sunny bow'rs, aft on a flou'r-fringed  
track,  
To happy bygane days, in licht, I'm wafted back ;  
The joy o' life's young morn then on my spirit flows,  
Saft as the breath o' June or fragrance frae a rose.  
Oh ! my ain heather land, &c.

The laverock in the lift, high owre the waving corn,  
The lintie doon the glen, upon the blooming thorn,  
An' Robin by the cot, where Worth an' Beauty dwell,  
Wi' merry melting lays aye gar the bosom swell.  
Oh ! my ain heather land, &c.



Thy straths in peace repose, while nobly rise around  
 The auld romantic hills wi' hoary castles croon'd ;  
 On storied fields they smile, where valour's arm o' yore  
 To freedom's cherished goal thy Lion Banner bore !  
     Oh ! my ain heather land, &c.

Hame o' the kind an' true, where vile slave never dwelt,  
 Love's hallowed flame for thee this breast has ever felt ;  
 Hoo aft across the deep, through heart-warm tears I  
     gaze,  
 An' wish that I again roamed on thy bonnie braes !  
     Oh ! my ain heather land, &c.

### **Buy my Water Cresses.**

The cress lass free,  
 Wi' pawky e'e,  
 Is trig, though void o' brows ;  
 Hoo saft an' clear  
 Upon the ear  
 Her voice, sae mellow, fa's.  
     Buy my water cresses  
     The sparkling streams supply ;  
     Fine cresses, fresh cresses,  
     My cresses wha will buy ?

Ere frae the bed  
 Calm sleep has fled,  
 Or folks stir round the doors,  
 She anxious strays  
 Owre briery braes,  
 To gather in her stores.  
     Buy my water cresses, &c.

Her wee bare feet,  
An' limbs, sae neat,  
Maun weary be ilk morn ;  
For mony a mile  
By hedge an' stile,  
Her burden aft is borne.  
Buy my water cresses, &c.

Encourage, then,  
The sweet lass, when  
Ye chance to pass her by,  
Wi' baith hands fu',  
Held up to you,  
Ring will the weel-kent cry.  
Buy my water cresses, &c.

### **Willie Macwanter in search o' a Wife.**

“ Oh! Willie Macwanter, dear lass, is my name,  
An' twenty lang miles ha'e I travelled frae hame ;  
At present I live but a dull single life,  
My message here is to seek you for a wife.”

“ Seek me for a wife ! what a conscience you ha'e,  
Can nicht, dark an' dreary, be wed to blithe day ?  
Can Simmer, wi' roses, an' Winter, wi' snaw,  
Be buckled thegither ? auld fuil gang awa' ! ”

“ Be patient, speak kindly, my suit dinna slicht,  
My flocks arena few, an' my purse isna licht ;  
Wi' you, dearest lass, its contents shared will be,  
Auld age never mind since I'm happy an' free ! ”

“ Life's Autumn, far gane, wi' its keen biting cauld,  
Has silvered your tresses, an' bent you twafauld ;  
I wonder you dinna think shame to request  
A rosebud to bloom on an iceberg's chill breast.”

“ I dinna think shame, sweetest hinny, to tell  
My bosom glows warmly for nane but yoursel' ;  
Possessor are you o' a thoosand dear charms,  
While I ha'e the siller an' twa thriving farms ! ”

“ There's Madam Macgrippie, though three score  
an' ten,  
Wad suit you far better, she's daft aboot men ;  
Her tongue, like your ain, never ceases its din,  
Her nose, too, like yours, fondly dotes on her chin.”

“ The linty when wooing a bonnie wee mate,  
Aye flutters aroond her, an' never feels blate ;  
Then I'll do the same, love, aside shyness fling,  
An' to your lips, rosy, in ecstasy cling ! ”

“ Noo let me alane, keep your hands frae my waist ;  
My lips although rosy, are no yours to taste,  
Sae march ! for I never could love gi'e to you !  
Embrace wad I rather my mither's auld coo ! ”

### **The Spring.**

When sunshine a mantle o' glory hath thrown  
Owre mountain an' valley, wi' lovely flow'rs strown,  
Marked hast thou that heavenly thing  
Which seems by the hand o' enchantment led on,  
Refulgently sparkling—the spring?

To me 'tis the sweetest an' rarest wee gem  
That fair Nature wears in her rich diadem ;  
It dear recollections can bring  
To gladden my soul, as life's river I stem,  
Sae drumlie compared wi' the spring !

It gleams on a brae, amid fairy-like knowes,  
Owre-arched by a thorn auld an' hoary, whase boughs  
In sweet May an' June saftly fling  
Their blooms, that are pure as a true lover's vows,  
Like pearls on the silvery spring !

Meet pair, the wee gowan an' gentle blue-bell,  
Refreshed by its dews, side by side love to dwell,  
An' owre it their bonnie heads hing  
As if they some story wad tenderly tell  
O' favours received frae the spring !

'Twas sweet to behold, on a bricht simmer morn,  
The licht-hearted Linty drap doon frae the thorn,  
Where aften he gaily did sing,  
To cool his wee tongue that had been weary worn  
Wi' lilting aboon the clear spring !


The Robin, Blue-bonnet, an' Shilfa, though shy,  
Cam' forth frae the green shady plantins near by,  
While blithely the Laverock did wing  
His course through the balm-laden air frae the sky  
To pree the pure sweets o' the spring !

The pilgrim, way-weary an' thirsty, wad think  
The wee blooming beauties say plain on its brink,  
" Come hither, thy jaded limbs fling  
Upon the green bank, tak' a rest an' a drink —  
A waucht frae the cool, caller spring !

But where are the freends that I loved there o' yore ?  
I ken some ha'e gane to a far foreign shore ;  
Yet ah ! Death hath broken the ring !  
An' few ! unco few there are noo to the fore  
Wha circled an' drank frae the spring !

Again thae dear freends o' life's morn could I see,  
Wi' them, oh ! what pleasure to pu' frae the tree  
O' mem'ry, the blossoms that hing  
Sae heavenly pure, as in sweet fancy we  
Danced blithe hand in hand roond the spring !

Hush ! Faith, stainless Faith, whispers " Dinna  
despair,  
The soul may be sad, an' the heart may be sair,  
Still mind hoo it blunts sorrow's sting  
To ken ye will meet, to be parted nae mair,  
On high by a far fairer spring ! "



**Waiting for Gloaming.**

Beside the lanely rustic gate,  
Wi' throbbing heart, I fondly wait ;  
    The bird dreams in the bow'r,  
    The bee has left the flow'r,  
An' nicht throws her mantle owre day ;  
    The sacred hour is near  
    To lovers ever dear,  
        Sweet gloaming gray !

Oh ! cherished time !—hoo fond an' fain  
My treasure to this breast I'll strain !  
        Unseen ! alane !

Although the merle has ceased his sang,  
Saft croons the burn the knowes amang ;  
    Close by the lone retreat,  
    Where I my lassie meet,  
It lingers, methinks, on its way ;  
    As if it wished, like me,  
    Her comely face to see  
        At gloaming gray !  
Oh ! cherished time !—hoo fond an' fain, &c.

The glances o' her sparkling e'e,  
That fa' sae tenderly on me,  
    Are like the beams o' morn  
    Which nature's face adorn,  
Sae brilliant and bonnie are they ;

*My Laddie*

Before the golden shrine  
 O' love oor hearts will twine  
     At gloaming gray !  
 Oh ! cherished time !—hoo fond an' fain, &c.

The e'ening star, wi' dazzling sheen,  
 Noo trembling in the burn is seen :  
     Sweet thocht, I'll soon embrace  
     A star whase radiant face  
 Can rival the splendour o' May !  
     Her musical fit-fa'  
     I hear, " Love, come awa' !"  
     Hail gloaming gray !  
 Oh ! cherished time !—hoo fond an' fain, &c.

*My Laddie.*

The sun, robed in purple, noo sinks in the west,  
 The hour is returning this warm heart loves best,  
     Then on the flou'ry lea  
     The gloaming star will see  
 My laddie clasp me to his breast !

The gowan to the fell,  
 The braiken to the dell,  
 The bird to the green, leafy tree ;  
     At e'ening's gentle close  
     The dew-bead to the rose,  
 But oh ! my ain laddie to me !

True manliness dwells in his bosom sincere,  
The licht o' his glad smile I fondly revere ;  
    Beneath the sky serene  
    His like was never seen,  
An' ever will I love him dear !

The gowan to the fell, &c.

Undaunted in danger, ennobled in mind,  
In fond love unchanging, in freendship refined ;  
    I ween a spirit-voice  
    Breathes tenderly " Rejoice !  
Thy laddie to thee will prove kind !"

The gowan to the fell, &c.

As ivy adheres to the storm-beaten rock,  
To him sae will I in adversity's shock ;  
    Thus on his bosom leal  
    Sweet consolation feel,  
While he in his arms will me lock !  
    The gowan to the fell, &c.





**Gray Locks, but Green Hearts.**

What ails thee, dear, what gars thee start,  
An' sadly gaze on me ?  
A sorrow-pang is at thy heart,  
A tear-drap in thine e'e.  
I ken the cause, I heard thee say  
In waesome tones yestreen,  
" Alas ! oor locks are turning gray,  
Life's tree nae mair is green ! "

But dinna vex thyself sae sair,  
Nor shed a needless tear  
About the colour o' oor hair—  
The love-flame shines as clear  
As when it glowed in life's young day,  
Wi' fervour warm an' keen ;  
For tho' oor locks be turning gray,  
Oor hearts are fresh an' green !

True ! mony years ha'e come an' gane  
Since thou an' I first met,  
An' hoary time, that yields to nane,  
On us his seal hath set.  
An' we thegither on life's way  
Ha'e mony changes seen ;  
Still, tho' oor locks be turning gray,  
Oor hearts are fresh an' green !

The licht o' joy that gemmed thy broo  
Subdued hath been by care ;  
Thy cheeks, where blooming roses grew,  
Display their tint nae mair ;  
November, far removed frae May,  
Deep shades flings owre the scene ;  
Still, tho' oor locks be turning gray,  
Oor hearts are fresh an' green !

The sun that rises fair at morn,  
An' brightly shines aboon  
The golden fields o' waving corn,  
At gloaming-tide gangs doon ;  
The bosom canna aye be gay,  
An' bask in smiles serene ;  
Still, tho' oor locks be turning gray,  
Oor hearts are fresh an' green !

The langest day draws to a close,  
The fairest flou'r maun fade ;  
Baith bush an' tree their beauty lose,  
Tho' sheltered in the shade ;—  
Still, cheer, when thir frail frames decay,  
Again will we convene  
Where dark locks nevermair turn gray,  
An' bliss is ever green !

### **Scotland's Song of Triumph.**

In ages gone by, with my trusty claymore,  
Through carnage, in triumph, my banner I bore,  
While glory around me did bright laurels twine,  
And Scotland is still the brave land o' langsyne.

On famed Bannockburn I to victory led  
My green plaided heroes, who gallantly bled ;  
Their valour, though long they have slept, yet is mine—  
Loved Scotland is still the brave land o' langsyne.

Dread Alma's dark heights heard my wild war-note swell,  
I saw, deeply moved, how my dauntless sons fell,  
Their dearest blood pouring, before freedom's shrine,  
Yes, Scotland is still the brave land o' langsyne.

Amid my green mountains true liberty reigns,  
How lovely my daughters, how noble my swains,  
My sweet lays they sing when at eve they recline,—  
Auld Scotland is still the brave land o' langsyne.

My dark purple heather no slave ever prest,  
I'm free as the tempest that sweeps o'er my breast,  
And chains my proud spirit may never confine,  
For Scotland is still the brave land o' langsyne.

Sweet peace I love dearly, but boldly declare  
Should bright honour call me a tyrant to dare,  
Aloft on my standard this motto shall shine—  
“Auld Scotland is still the brave land o' langsyne !”



**Hearth Treasures.**

Oh ! thou art dear to me, wifie,  
Oh ! thou art dear to me ;  
Thy face is beauty's chosen hame,  
Adorned wi' smiles o' glee.  
Thy bosom is the dwelling place  
O' innocence an' worth ;  
A mair seraphic form than thine  
Dame Nature ne'er sent forth.

Hoo bonnie are oor buds, wifie,  
Hoo bonnie are oor buds ;  
They bring to mind wee cushet doos  
Rejoicing in the wuds.  
Wi' mony pauky words an' wiles  
Thy favour to secure,  
They roond about thee fondly cling  
Like dew-beads roond a flou'r.

I worship at thy shrine, wifie,  
I worship at thy shrine ;  
My soul, when in thy presence dear,  
Is filled wi' joy divine !  
The web thou woven hast for me,  
In sweet affection's loom,  
A lustre hath that may dispel  
The deepest shades o' gloom.

*My Bonnie Wee Kate*

Love in oor hame is law, wifie,  
 Love in oor hame is law ;  
 Enraptured on thy smiles I dwell,  
 While blessings round me fa' ;  
 An' warmly through my bosom flows  
 A flood o' purest bliss ;  
 Oh ! doubly happy is the heart  
 That feels the flame o' this !

*My Bonnie Wee Kate.*

How fair is the snawdrap,  
 When dew on its brow tap,  
 Is bending the soft, slender stem wi' its weight,  
 Mid beams o' the morning,  
 The green vale adorning,  
 Still fairer, by far, is my bonnie wee Kate !

Nae face could be brichter,  
 Nor young heart be lichter,  
 As round me she dances, baith early an' late,  
 Or clammers, sae cantie,  
 My knee,—unco vauntie  
 Nae doot ye will think I'm o' bonnie wee Kate !

Nae wonder !—the deary  
 Wi' glee hauds me cheery,  
 Though she before strangers at times may feel blate ;

A livelier creature  
The wide field o' nature  
Hath never produced than my bonnie wee Kate !

My breast as she presses,  
I sleek the bricht tresses,  
That glow in profusion upon her wee pate ;  
Aye gracefully streaming,  
Like golden waves gleaming,  
Sae fair owre the broo o' my bonnie wee Kate !

A heaven-born flow'ret,  
An' bush drooping owre it,  
We seem when she sinks to a calm, dreamy state,  
Upon my lap, taking  
Her sweet rest, while cracking  
Are angels o' bliss-bow'rs to bonnie wee Kate !

On love's sacred altar  
The cushet may falter,  
Leave mourning his young brood an' kind faithfu' mate ;  
But, save death, nocht ever  
The warm tie will sever  
Enchaining me fast to my bonnie wee Kate !

Her fondly I cherish,  
Lang, lang may she flourish  
Like yon ivy clasping the auld castle gate ;

Through life clinging closer,  
 Wi' nocht to oppose her,  
 Contented an' happy,—my bonnie wee Kate !

God ! ever be gracious  
 To her,—she is precious !  
 Protect her, ward aff her the shafts o' dark fate ;  
 To this tender bosom,  
 Dear, dear is my blossom !—  
 A soul-charming cherub is bonnie wee Kate !

***Noo Simmer dons her Mantle Braw.***

Noo Simmer dons her mantle braw,  
 An' flings her favours free ;  
 Wi' mellow music rings the shaw,  
 Sent forth by bird an' bee.  
 On lovely Nature's lofty tow'rs,  
 Nursed in the glow o' golden hours,  
 Hoo gracefully the rock-hung flow'rs  
 Bend low to look on thee.  
 The beauties ween  
 Thou art their queen,  
 An' wish thy form to see.

Pride o' my heart, thy bosom kind  
 Could brighten dark despair ;  
 Earth may I seek, but never find  
 A face sae sweetly fair.

The sparkling beads o' pearly dew,  
Remind me o' thine e'en sae blue,  
Through which thy soul, supremely true,  
On me sheds blessings rare.  
Than diadems,  
Or priceless gems,  
To me, love, thou art mair.

Clear streamlets croon, saft zephyrs sigh,  
Bright are the bloom-bent sprays ;  
An' Phoebus, frae the welkin high,  
Is pouring amber rays.  
Then leave awhile life's busy scene,  
An' roam wi' me till dewy e'en,  
Where lochs are blue, an' valleys green,  
Amang the broomy braes.  
My soul to bless  
That smile says "Yes,"  
As on thy lip it plays !

### *The Noble Scotch Tartan.*

Hurrah for the noble Scotch tartan, hurrah !  
Worn by our forefathers of yore,  
Who fearless were ever, and ready to draw,  
In Liberty's name the claymore !  
On many a glorious field hath it waved,  
Where proudly our flag was unfurled ;  
The darkest of dangers were gallantly braved,  
And vengeance on tyranny hurled !  
Hurrah for the noble Scotch tartan, &c.



Wherever the plumed hawk meets the blue sky,  
 Scouring valiant with bosom aglow,  
 The sun of the Scutcheon hath scorched on high,  
 And hungry oppression laid low !  
 Hurrah for the noble Scotch tartan, &c.

The hearts of our clansmen are loyal and true,  
 In danger or peril serene :  
 How native they charge in their bonnets of blue,  
 And time-honoured tartan of green !  
 Hurrah for the noble Scotch tartan, &c.

The name of Freedom for ever will shine—  
 Thy standard shot-shattered and torn,  
 On red fields, uncrowned to victory's shrine  
 Thy arm-in-armed heroes have borne !  
 Hurrah for the noble Scotch tartan, &c.

So long as yon sun glows in splendour above,  
 So long as our wild mountains stand,  
 So long we the time-honoured tartan shall love,  
 The pride of our dear native land !  
 Hurrah for the noble Scotch tartan, &c.



**Donald an' his Fiddle.**

We needna feel dowie an' dreary,  
For Donald, sae gallant an' gay,  
To mak' us a' lichtsome an' cheery,  
Has only his fiddle to play.  
The soul that is saddened by sorrow,  
Before his glad music will rise,  
Frae Pleasure a jewel to borrow,  
Then cheerfully smile on the prize !

Oh ! Donald's the life o' the party !  
Man, get your auld fiddle in tune !  
Dash on wi' the bow, mak' us hearty !  
An' dowiness lift us aboon !

The sons o' brave Scotia are clannish,  
Assembled in freendship's fair ring,  
An' cloudy broos speedily vanish  
When list'ning to some merry spring.  
Transported I feel in the middle  
O' sic a blithe circle, I trow,  
When Donald has lifted his fiddle,  
An' sweeps owre the strings wi' his bow !  
Oh ! Donald's the life o' the party, &c.

Amang the green woodlands in simmer,  
The warblers my heart ha'e ensnared,  
But guidsake ! their voices are timmer  
When wi' Donald's fiddle compared.  
The lambs, I believe, in the valley,  
That bleat by the streamlet sae clear,  
Aroond him, a' dancing, wad rally,  
If they but his music could hear !  
Oh ! Donald's the life o' the party, &c.

He loves his mirth-roses to scatter—  
Ae day as he played on the shore,  
The very fish danced in the water,  
The like never seen was before.  
Yet, that's no the best o't—ships noble,  
By British tars gallantly mann'd,  
Began in the harbour to hobble,  
As if they wad trip to the land !  
Oh ! Donald's the life o' the party, &c.

But Donald, remember, be wary  
While soonding your fiddle sae sweet,  
Or some nicht the firmament starry,  
Enchanted may licht at your feet.  
Ha'e mind that this earth is suspendit,  
An' hings like a globe in the air ;  
Beware then, or losh ! you may send it,  
My conscience !—I dinna ken where !  
Oh ! Donald's the life o' the party, &c.

The sailor may praise the wide ocean,  
An' sing o' its waters sae blue ;  
The fond lover, wrapt in devotion,  
May vow evermair to be true ;  
The miser may dote on his treasure,  
The sodger may battle for fame,—  
But gi'e me a soul-stirring measure,  
An' Donald to play up the same !  
Oh ! Donald's the life o' the party, &c.

**Come, Jewel Come.**

Love, come where the streamlets are dancing,  
An' clear woodland notes sweetly swell ;  
Where sunbeams are brilliantly glancing  
On gowan, wild rose, an' blue bell.  
The heather, sae bonnily blooming,  
The saft simmer air is perfuming,  
Its flame o' deep purple illuming  
The mountain, the moor, an' the fell.

Then, come, jewel come, oh ! I weary ;  
Hoo happy this bosom will be,  
As fondly I roam wi' my deary  
In yon shady shaw on the lea.

Love, come where Dame Nature discloses  
Her treasures sae rich an' sae rare,  
Adorning wi' fresh, fragrant roses  
Her bosom an' lang golden hair.  
The laverock, while heavenward soaring,  
A lay o' delight doon is pouring,  
The pride o' his warm heart adoring,  
As I do my charming wee fair !  
Then, come, jewel come, oh ! I weary, &c.

Love, come where the flou'rs smiling gaily,  
Seem sweet fairy symbols o' thee ;  
The rose is thy cheek, an' the lily  
Thy broo, that nae whiter could be.

On ilka leaf dew-beads are gleaming,  
Like pure fancies tenderly streaming,  
Where gentle affection lies dreaming  
O' bliss thou hast poured upon me !  
Then, come, jewel come, oh ! I weary, &c.

### *The Mither's Last Fareweel.*

My journey is closing :—as if in a dream,  
The sun I see shining on moorland an' stream ;  
But ere, golden-croon'd, it has gane doon the west,  
Guidman, I will be in the Land o' the Blest !

The licht o' my life-lamp is fast turning dim,  
An' soon maun I stand in the presence o' Him  
Wha dee'd that oor sin-sullied souls micht be saved ;  
On a' human hearts should His name be engraved !

My bosom feels happy, still wae, wae to part  
Wi' thee an' the bairnies, sae dear to my heart ;  
Them tenderly cherish, an' God's holy rules  
Impress on their minds when I'm laid in the mools.

Come here, dearest lammies, be calm, dinna greet,  
I'm gaun your wee brither an' sister to meet ;  
Though lang they ha'e been in the kind Shepherd's  
fauld,  
Your mither's fond bosom has never grown cauld.

Nae mair through the glen will ye wander wi' me,  
Primroses to gather, or chase the wild bee ;  
Then aye for ilk ithier your fondness retain,  
An' faither will guard ye when mither is gane.

Guidmān, it's my wish to sleep under the sward,  
Oor first buds beside, in the lowly kirkyard ;  
Their visions before me in beauty appear,  
An' oh ! their sweet voices sae winning I hear.

Noo wipe frae thy fond e'e that tear o' despair,  
We'll soon a' forgether to part nevermair,  
Where trouble an' grief will be changed for a croon  
O' glory—lo ! yonder the angels come doon !

The death-veil serenely I feel owre me fa',  
To bliss-hallowed mansions my soul soars awa' ;  
Hush ! sweet mellow tones on mine ear saftly steal,  
They hail me—be kind to the bairnies—fareweel !

### *Blue-E'd Mary.*

A rosy, lightsome, laughing thing,  
Pure as the sparkling mountain spring,  
Wi' mirth aye gars oor dwelling ring,  
      'Tis my wee blue-e'd Mary !

Pu' frae the thorn the reddest haw,  
Place 't on her lip, syne mark the twa,  
Its glowing tint will fade awa'  
      Beside my blue-e'd Mary !

*Blue E'd Mary*

The lamp o' bliss burns brichtly, when  
She blithely toddles but an' ben ;  
Nae greater joy on earth I ken  
Than my wee blue-e'd Mary !

While gazing on her snawy broo,  
Owre-arched wi' locks o' golden hue,  
I ween 'tis beauty's sel' I view,  
Sae fair is blue-e'd Mary !

Affection brichtens ilka look—  
A chosen leaf frae Nature's book  
Is she wha cheers our cozie neuk,  
My sweet wee blue-e'd Mary !

As roond my neck she twines her arms,  
A rapture-flame this bosom warms,  
An' fancy sees a thoosand charms  
In my wee blue-e'd Mary !

Without my darling life wad seem  
A dreary waste—a troubled dream—  
A cloud which thro' nae ray could beam—  
My fond wee blue-e'd Mary !

The love-fount frae my soul flows free—  
To her, oh ! Fate, kind ever be !  
Aim, gin thou wilt, thy shafts at me,  
But spare wee blue-e'd Mary !

**Ye Needna Fear for Scotland.\***

Ye needna fear for Scotland—firm as her native rock,  
Her sons in danger's darkest hour withstand the battle-  
shock ;

As pours their purple heather-bloom its fragrance on  
the gale,

They fling their gallant slogan forth an' haughty despots  
quail.

Ye needna fear for Scotland—thae mountaineers are  
mine !

To licht the path o' liberty their claymores ever shine !

Ye needna fear for Scotland—unsullied is her name,  
In ilka clime beneath the sun kent is her matchless  
fame ;

The river owre its rocky bed may cease to seaward flow,  
But never shall my trusty braves their backs turn to a  
foe.

Ye needna fear for Scotland—thae mountaineers are  
mine !

To licht the path o' liberty their claymores ever shine !

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\* The tartan-robed regiments of Scotland, in every field where their valour has been called into action, have borne our banner nobly and untarnished through the red rents of war, adding, by their gallant and chivalrous deeds, undying lustre to the glorious annals of British fame. No wonder, then, that their grand old chief, Sir Colin Campbell, exclaimed with heroic pride—"Thae men are mine—ye needna fear for Scotland !"



Ye needna fear for Scotland—aggression's tide to stay,  
In pride will rise the Thistle green, an' manhood lead  
the way ;

Her tartan plaid has never wrapt the bosom o' a slave ;  
Her banner soon amid the shouts o' victory will wave !

Ye needna fear for Scotland—thae mountaineers are  
mine !

To licht the path o' liberty their claymores ever shine !

Ye needna fear for Scotland—her war-pipe's stirring  
strain,

Anither brilliant link will add to glory's glowing chain ;  
High valour's quenchless fires within her noble clans-  
men burn !

My kilted heroes o' the north nae foe on earth may turn !

Ye needna fear for Scotland—thae mountaineers are  
mine !

To licht the path o' liberty their claymores ever shine !

### **The Bonnie Blooming Thorn.**

Oh ! when the glowing, golden sun far doon the west  
has gane,

An' gloaming's gentle hand has drawn her veil owre  
hill and plain,

To wrap within its faulds the flou'rs that bank an'  
brae adorn—

We'll meet, my dearest lassie, by the bonnie blooming  
thorn.

The bonnie blooming thorn, the bonnie blooming  
thorn,

My lassie sweet I love to meet beside the blooming  
thorn !

When ceased the laverock has to pour his lay o' glad-  
some glee,  
An' doon to rest the lamb has lain upon the dewy lea ;  
When balmy fragrance frae the west is on the zephyr  
borne,  
We'll meet, my dearest lassie, by the bonnie blooming  
thorn.

The bonnie blooming thorn, &c.

At warm devotion's rosy shrine, doon in the sylvan dell,  
His sweet wee mate the merle reveres far mair than  
tongue may tell ;  
As constantly, an' tenderly, to love thee ha'e I sworn—  
We'll meet, my dearest lassie, by the bonnie blooming  
thorn.

The bonnie blooming thorn, &c.

Nae fair face ever wore, I ween, than thine a sweeter  
smile,  
An' nae fond bosom ever held a heart mair free frae  
guile ;  
The love for thee my soul that warms is pure as dew  
at morn—  
We'll meet, my dearest lassie, by the bonnie blooming  
thorn.

The bonnie blooming thorn, &c.



**Gi'e me thy Lily Hand.**

Gi'e me thy lily hand, winning wee deary,  
An' lay thy head doon on this bosom o' mine,  
There like the ivy cling, making me cheery,  
Lang, lang ha'e I thocht my sweet wifie divine !

Then, come, for I love thee sincerely,  
Oh ! come, wi' thy numberless charms,  
To him wha has aye held thee dearly,  
An' lovingly rest in his arms !

In love's glowing arbour the rose o' affection  
Is fondly diffusing its fragrance for thee ;  
Smile in thy blithest mood, telling dejection  
It canna abide in oor dwelling o' glee.  
Then, come, for I love thee sincerely, &c.

When far frae my darling a soul-clouding sadness  
Aft hovered aroond me an' stung me wi' pain,  
But noo, in thy presence, the fountain o' gladness  
Is flowing in beauty an' freshness again.  
Then, come, for I love thee sincerely, &c.

Thy face, that is ever wi' kindliness beaming,  
The sunshine o' bliss roond oor lowly hearth flings ;  
By day an' by nicht, when o' thee fondly dreaming,  
Thy silvery voice in my raptured ear rings !  
Then, come, for I love thee sincerely, &c.

**The Auld Wife's Sang.**

Wi' pleasure I muse on the days that are gane,  
When we were sae hearty an' free ;  
When ilka young lad had a lass o' his ain !  
An' somebody, dootless, had me !

Then, for auld langsyne,  
Your voices wi' mine,  
Co-mingle, an' sing o' the days  
When merrily we  
Danced on the green lea,  
An' roamed owre the gowany braes !

My joe loved me dearly, I loved him the same,  
As twa constant hearts only can ;  
To tell the truth plainly, I dinna think shame,  
For he was my kindly guidman !  
Then, for auld langsyne, &c.

His dwelling frae mine was five lang miles awa',  
But nae cauldribe lover was he ;  
Though moorlands an' mountains were covered wi' snaw,  
He aye cam' his darling to see !  
Then, for auld langsyne, &c.

Thus time lichtly passed when he speer'd for my hand—  
A lass that loves dearly her joe  
Should never object to the sweet marriage band,  
I couldna, an' wadna say no !  
Then, for auld langsyne, &c.

Noo twenty lang years we thegither ha'e been,  
 Oor blossoms sweet hame fill wi' glee ;  
 A circle mair happy there never was seen,  
 Than them, roond my guidman an' me !  
 Then, for auld langsyne, &c.

### *Wee Auldfarrant Fairy.*

Cuddle close, my bonnie lamb,  
 Wee auldfarrant fairy !  
 Prood o' thee I ever am,  
 Wee auldfarrant fairy !  
 Pawkily that cheek o' thine,  
 Red and rosy, press to mine ;  
 Roond my neck thy arms entwine,  
 Wee auldfarrant fairy !

Gowden locks an' guileless heart,  
 Wee auldfarrant fairy !  
 Oh ! what pleasure they impart,  
 Wee auldfarrant fairy !  
 Though I've been by glen an' shaw,  
 Where the fairest flou'rets blaw,  
 Ane like thee I never saw,  
 Wee auldfarrant fairy !

Dance, my winsome deary, dance,  
 Wee auldfarrant fairy !  
 Merrily at mither glance,  
 Wee auldfarrant fairy !

Sunny features beaming gay,  
Strewing blessings on my way,  
Could'st thou speak, what wad'st thou say?  
Wee auldfarrant fairy !

Cherry lips an' sparkling e'en,  
Wee auldfarrant fairy !  
Bonnier were never seen,  
Wee auldfarrant fairy !  
Oh ! my jewel, rich an' rare,  
Smiling like an angel fair !  
I could clasp thee evermair !  
Wee auldfarrant fairy !

### *The Ingle.*

Dame Nature droops dowie, her flou'rs are awa',  
Hoo cauldrie she looks in her mantle o' snaw ;  
Storms flit owre her dark broo, tears gush frae her e'e,  
'The ingle, the braw, beaming ingle for me !

I love the sweet ingle, the snodly redd ingle,  
The glorious, glad-glinting ingle for me,  
Where, trimly an' cheery,  
Sits, knitting, my deary,  
While roond her the bairnies dance blithely an' free !

Withoot roars the tempest, losh ! hark to its din !  
But oh ! we are cantie an' cozie within,  
Here I, like a lintie, lilt loodly wi' glee,  
"The ingle, the clear-glancing ingle for me !"  
I love the sweet ingle, the snodly redd ingle, &c.

The bachelor bodie I canna admire,  
 Wha gangs hame, at e'en, to an unlichtit fire,  
 Baith lanely an' dreary his dwelling maun be,—  
 A wife an' weel-heapit ingle for me !

I love the sweet ingle, the snodly redd ingle, &c.

When fountains are frozen, an' dark is the lift,  
 An' wildly bauld Boreas is driving his drift,  
 I ween, it's the bonniest sicht ye can see,—  
 The ingle, the warm, cosy ingle for me !

I love the sweet ingle, the snodly redd ingle, &c.

### *My Dear Wife's Tongue.*

The mavis, at morn, I ha'e heard, blithe an' free,  
 A lay o' delight pouring doon frae the tree,  
 Where snugly he sat, like some prood little king,  
 Wi' love in his bosom, an' dew on his wing.  
 Sweet, sweet were the notes that he on the breeze  
 flung,  
 Still, no like the tones o' my dear wife's tongue !

I love on the clear sparkling streamlet to gaze,  
 That saftly meanders among the green braes,  
 An' listen, wi' joy, to its soul-soothing cheer,  
 That fa's like a pure fount o' bliss on mine ear ;  
 But music, sae winning, nae stream ever sung  
 As that which is poured frae my dear wife's tongue !

The shepherd may tell us some warbler his sang  
Begins on the moorland, the heather amang,  
Then scores swell the strain, till wi' bosom on fire,  
Entranced he declares, lovely nature's wild lyre  
Is sweetest o' a' !—I say, no !—Heaven strung  
A sweeter, by far, in my dear wife's tongue !

Yestreen, when the blast whistled owre hill an' moor,  
A feckless auld man tottered up to the door,  
Pale, pale was his face, an' sair worn were his claes,  
But still his appearance bespak better days,  
He took aff his bonnet, an' leant on his rung,  
Syne fell thae fond words frae my dear wife's tongue !—

“Auld freend, thou art weary an' hungry, I ween,  
Owre far hast thou wandered in weather sae keen,  
But spread is my table, juist come then inby,  
Oor hamely meal share wi' my guidman an' I ;”  
As warm to his faint lips deep gratitude sprung,  
He bless'd, in low whispers, my dear wife's tongue !

See yon greedy miser wha gloats owre his wealth,  
That higher he prizes than honour an' health ;  
Yes, gear is his god, he for riches wad thole  
Starvation, disgrace, nay ! wad barter his soul ;  
Wi' deep-rooted anguish his hard heart were wrung,  
Had he to tune sweetly a *dear* wife's tongue !

The poor, silly mortal, he canna but ken  
That women were made to be blessings to men,  
Instead o' a blessing he deems her a curse,  
An' why ? juist because she wad lichten his purse ;  
Unmourned be his death, an' his dirge never sung,  
Whase heart disna warm to a dear wife's tongue !



I honour the man, that is faithfu' an' free,  
Wha in his kind wifie an angel can see,  
Discern in her saft e'e a heavenly licht—  
A joy-star to comfort in sorrow's dark nicht,  
An' finds a love-mine in the breast where he hung  
To hear—"I am thine!" frae a dear lassie's tongue!

Leal wifie! I view in thy fair, fragile form,  
A shade in the sunshine, a bield in the storm;  
My heart's chosen queen, under whase gentle sway  
Wi' rapture unbounded I bend an' obey;  
A sceptre mair potent than thine never swung,  
An' love gilds the laws streaming sweet frae thy tongue!

Oh! thou art my Daisy, a' gemmed wi' love's dew,  
The pride o' this bosom, sae tender an' true;  
My sunbeam that brichtens the links o' life's chain,  
My charmer whase glances can chase awa' pain,  
My solace when by dark adversity stung;  
A balm for a' waes is my dear wifie's tongue!

Auld time, the red roses that sweetly did blaw,  
Has ta'en frae thy cheek, in their place left his snaw;  
Thy fitsteps, that flew like a bird through the air,  
Will trip on the dark purple heather nae mair,  
Yet pure love glows warmly as when thou wert young,  
An' joyously flows frae my dear wifie's tongue!

Life's hill we ha'e speeled, an' gazed far owre it's croon,  
But fast, unco fast we are noo wearing doon,  
Still, mind to ilk ither we spared ha'e been lang,  
The way then to lichten we yet ha'e to gang,  
This blithe Scottish lyre, frae my auld shouthers slung,  
Will warble the praise o' my dear wifie's tongue!

**Scotland! I Love thee Well.**

Oh! Scotland! I love thee well!  
Though tempests above thee swell,  
To me there is no spot so dear upon earth;  
For though amid grandeur here,  
And vine groves I wander here,  
Yet, fondly I long for the land of my birth!

Then hurrah for the land of the river;  
Whose sons are with valour imbued!  
The fame-hallowed land that was never  
By Roman or Saxon subdued!

Loved isle of the bonnet blue,  
May Heaven send on it dew,—  
Dew that is blessed and a blessing will be;  
Than vine groves and fountains clear,  
Thy mist-mantled mountains dear,  
Old Scotland, shall ever be dearer to me!  
Then hurrah for the land of the river, &c.

Thy heroes unbending are,  
The first in contending are  
Against those vile tyrants who man would enthrall;  
Wherever thy banner waves  
Their prowess thine honour saves;  
In Liberty's vanguard thy claymores appeal!  
Then hurrah for the land of the river, &c.

All happy together then,  
In hamlet and heather glen  
May manhood and beauty, united, be seen;  
True love-garlands twining there,  
Bright Freedom's sun shining fair,  
Adorning with glory the Thistle so green!  
Then hurrah for the land of the river, &c.

**Smiling Lassie.**

Dear lassie wi' the smiling face,  
Fresh as the blooming heather,  
Within this breast thou hast a place  
That never held anither.  
In silks an' satins richly fine,  
I see the dames o' fortune shine,  
Yet wi' a form to rival thine  
Hoo seldom I forgether.

Smiling lassie, wiling lassie,  
I will alter never ;  
Fairest lassie, rarest lassie,  
Thine am I for ever !

When far awa' frae me thou art,  
My thochts o' thee are mony ;  
Wish after wish thrills through my heart,  
To see thy face sae bonny ;  
An' when I hear thy dear voice ring,  
Like some sweet bird in merry spring,  
Then soars my soul on rapture's wing  
To regions ever sunny.

Smiling lassie, wiling lassie, &c.

The morning sky wi' rosy blush,  
That sweetly glows an' cheery,  
On tow'ring tree an' spreading bush,  
For beauty canna peer thee.  
Aft ha'e I marked the silver rill,  
Sae clearly wimpling roond yon hill,  
An' thocht it pure, but purer still  
Is my leal, kindly deary.

Smiling lassie, wiling lassie, &c.

**Sweet Simmer Smiles Bonnie.**

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—flou'rs gracefully gay  
Gem richly the landscape in varied array ;

Wherever I turn,  
By bank, brae, or burn,  
I see them their delicate colours display.

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—to cheer his wee mate,  
On licht airy pinions, an' bosom elate,  
Where silver clouds hang  
The laverock is thrang,  
A warm anthem pouring before Heaven's gate.

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie, an' ilka saft breeze  
That cannily sighs through the leaf-laden trees  
Is filled wi' perfume,  
While joy waves her plume,  
An' wanders afar owre the mountains an' leas.

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—on moorland an' fell  
The roving bee hums, Nature's chorus to swell,  
An' melody floats  
Frae musical throats,  
In gushes o' rapture, through dingle an' dell.

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—earth robed is in green,  
Look upward, the azure-arched skies are serene ;  
Rare beauty pervades  
The warm, sunny glades,  
An' cool, shady nooks where fond hearts woo unseen.


Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—the wild waterfa'  
An' merry moorcock, wi' its clear ringing craw,  
Their voices unite  
In streams o' delight—  
To join them, my love, let us hasten awa'.

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—I'll never forget  
The thrice hallowed gloaming, dear lass, we first met,  
For then doubly blest  
Was this constant breast,  
My load-star rose clearly juist as the sun set.

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—when thou art wi' me  
The pleasure-bark lichtly plews Love's amber sea ;  
Before virtue's gale,  
It spreads ilka sail,  
An' blithesomely bounds like a captive set free.

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—yon burn in the glen  
Reminds me o' thee when it bursts on my ken,  
Sae heavenly pure—  
Thy name to endure  
Is graved on my soul wi' Fidelity's pen !

Sweet simmer smiles bonnie !—hoo happy I feel  
To see thee sic tender emotion reveal ;  
True Love, glowing fain,  
His warm, rosy chain  
Wraps fondly around us my lovely an' leal !



*Fair Rosa.*

Fair Rosa roamed through the lane leafy glen,  
Where brackens grew lang an' green :  
Deep sorrow sat on her lily-white broo,  
An' tears flowed fast frae her e'en.  
The star o' her hope for ever had set,  
An' her cheeks were deadly pale,  
As mournfully sweet, on the zephyr calm,  
She poured forth a melting tale.

“ Oh ! dowie, dowie is this heart o' mine,  
An' nocht can allay the pain ;  
The manly form o' my ain faithfu' lad  
On a foreign shore lies slain !  
In fair freedom's cause undaunted he fell,  
Soon rent was the gowden band ;  
His lightsome smile I will see nevermair,  
An' lang for the cloudless Land ! ”

The warblers wild, by their moss-woven hames,  
Showered doon warm joy on her ear ;  
But a' the melodious lays that they sung  
Her sad, sad soul couldna cheer.  
Saft fairy-like music the clear burn croon'd,  
While lambs danced blithe on the lea ;  
Yet nature, arrayed in a thoosand charms,  
Nae comfort to her could gi'e.

She, bending low on a flow'r-dappled knowe,  
Breathed calmly a fervent pray'r,  
Syne faulded her e'en, an' soond asleep fell,  
To wauken again nae mair !  
Ere gloaming its mantle o' gray had thrown  
Owre moorland, mountain, an' shaw ;  
Far, far frae this cauld weary warld o' oors  
Her pure spirit soared awa' !

### **Cherished.**

She has twa e'en o' witching blue  
On me that saftly shine,  
Twa hinnied lips o' ruddy hue  
Frae which fa' tones divine ;  
Rich raven tresses, dark as nicht,  
An' dimpled chin sae fair,  
While in her face affection's licht  
Is beaming evermair !

Her smile sae fu' o' fondness warm,  
Bid's dowie care withdraw ;  
Aroond my heart, to soothe an' charm,  
Bliss-blossoms freely blaw.  
To love her dearly ha'e I sworn,  
My trig wee fairy queen ;  
The woodland rose, though newly born,  
Nae purer is I ween.

The memories o' bairnhood's days  
Still gar the heart feel fain ;  
Hoo aft I chased her owre the braes,  
An' ca'd her a' my ain !  
Though nane on earth but her may ken  
This bosom's tender glow,  
The flood which filled love's channel then  
Will never cease to flow !

A star o' joy sent frae aboon,  
In splendour here to burn,  
Is she ; to her, warm as rich June,  
My fond thochts ever turn.  
The cherished gem a casket rare  
Shall ha'e within my breast,  
An' cozily may nestle there,  
My dearest—sweetest—best !

### **At Love's Sacred Altar.**

At love's sacred altar I lowly am kneeling,  
Before me my wife, sae winsome, I see ;  
My soul on the wings o' affection is stealing,  
In fondness, to gaze on oor auld trysting tree.

Where fair it is blooming the blithe hours flew fleeter,  
For time winna tarry when hearts are sae fain :  
Then sweet were oor love-fruits, but noo they are sweeter,  
Adorning a cozie wee cot o' oor ain !



In cauld nichts o' winter when dreary winds whistle,  
I, by the fire seated, am happy the while,  
My heart lichter feels than the doon o' oor thistle,  
For oh ! it is charmed by her love-beaming smile !

Hoo guileless an' gentle is a' she discloses,—  
Weel tended the bonnie wee bairns are an' hame,  
She claps their cheeks kindly, an' says they are  
roses,  
An' whiles I break in wi'—"Love, yours are the  
same !"

She anxiously looks for the sweet star o' gloaming,  
An' hints that fair jewel can chase awa' care,  
Synae a' expectation awaits my hame-coming,  
An' warm is the welcome I meet wi' when there !

Her e'e on me glances wi' tender emotion,—  
Let wealth an' distinction their ain path pursue ;  
Enrapt will I bask in the rays o' devotion,  
That stream frae a heart ever fervent an true !



**Come Hame.**

Come hame, winning wifie, come hame,  
Wi' love's brilliant star in thine e'e !  
Oh ! hasten my darling wee dame,  
An' pour a' its lustre on me !

At gloaming I wander alane  
Amang the wild flou'rs in the glen,  
Deep musing on thee ever fain,  
The fairest and kindest I ken.  
Thy warm blush is seen in the rose  
That lovingly laughs to mild morn ;  
When forth its sweet fragrance it throws,  
Thy balmy breath roond me is borne.

Come hame, winning wifie, &c.

Thy fair form could I but embrace,  
Hear saftly thy silvery voice,  
Behold, sweetly beaming, thy face,  
Hoo blithely I then wad rejoice.  
When dark nicht its mantle has laid  
Upon the moors, meadows, an' streams,  
Thy image, in beauty arrayed,  
Appears in the bricht land o' dreams.

Come hame, winning wifie, &c.

Thou dwellest within my heart's core,  
 Thy glances in fancy I view ;  
 Glide swiftly, drone Time, an' restore  
 My jewel sae tenderly true.  
 Her presence oor dwelling can cheer,  
 Her absence I never could thole ;  
 What bliss fills this bosom when near  
 Is smiling the joy o' my soul !  
 Come hame, winning wife, &c.

### **The Bonnie Blue.**

Wi' manly pride thy heart sustain tho' roond thee a'  
 seems drear,  
 Bliss-blossoms blush the thorns between the path o'  
 life to cheer ;  
 Thae peerless gems, supremely fair, the e'e o' faith  
 may view—  
 Beyond the darkest cloud that frowns sweet smiles the  
 bonnie blue !  
 Tho' sorrow deep her sable veil has owre thy fond soul  
 drawn,  
 Remember aye the mirkest hour is juist before the  
 dawn ;  
 Ere lang joy's sun, in glory, may the dowie shades  
 break thro'—  
 Beyond the darkest cloud that frowns sweet smiles the  
 bonnie blue !

Wealth to thy portion hasna fa'en, wi' pleasure in its  
train,  
Still jewels rare hast thou in store which never shine  
in vain ;  
Resplendently they sparkle on brave Labour's noble  
broo—  
Beyond the darkest cloud that frowns sweet smiles the  
bonnie blue !

The crystal burn tho' aften hid wild riven rocks  
between,  
Is ever pouring forth a flood o' melody serene,  
An' spurning ilka bar until fair day appears in view—  
Beyond the darkest cloud that frowns sweet smiles the  
bonnie blue !

When weary winter's piercing blast strips lea an' wood-  
land bare,  
The birds, amid the leafless boughs, are sad an' suffer  
sair,  
But spring arrayed in green returns their anthems to  
renew—  
Beyond the darkest cloud that frowns sweet smiles the  
bonnie blue !

Behold, upon this mossy bank, the gowan's lovely  
form,  
As lours the lift her golden e'e she faulds against the  
storm ;  
When a' is calm, in beauty syne, it beams thro' silver  
dew—  
Beyond the darkest cloud that frowns sweet smiles the  
bonnie blue !

Nae easy task it is, I ween, to speel the rocky brae,  
 But trusty hearts were never kent to falter by the way,  
 Wi' steady step, an' earnest e'e, thy journey still  
 pursue—

Beyond the darkest cloud that frowns sweet smiles the  
 bonnie blue !

Again, rejoicing, to thy hame fair Happiness will bring  
 The rarest flou'rs her garden yields upon her purple  
 wing,

Around thee tenderly to twine the fairy spells anew—  
 Beyond the darkest cloud that frowns sweet smiles the  
 bonnie blue !

### **Dinna Gang Awa' !**

Bonnie lassie ! dinna leave me,  
 Sairly wad thy absence grieve me,  
     Sorrow shadows a' ;  
 To think that I frae thee maun part,  
 Wi' deepest anguish wrings my heart—  
     Dinna gang awa' !

Heaven kens, noo smiling o'er thee,  
 Hoo sincerely I adore thee ;  
     Blessings on thee fa',  
 The sweet licht beaming frae thine e'e  
 'Than life far dearer is to me—  
     Dinna gang awa' !

Love is foaming like a river,—  
Maun the warmest bosoms sever,  
    Rending nature's law?  
I fearlessly will by thy side  
The darkest frowns o' Fortune bide—  
    Dinna gang awa' !

Let me clasp my dearest treasure,  
Yielding to this breast sic pleasure,  
    Though the cauld blasts blaw ;  
Leal hearts, to love ilk ither sworn,  
Asunder never can be torn—  
    We are ane, no twa !

### **My Bonnie Deary.**

Noo simmer reigns in sunny pride,  
    My bonnie deary !  
Wilt thou wander by my side ?  
    My bonnie deary !  
Through ferny dells an' broomy knowes,  
Owre-arched wi' blossom-laden boughs,  
The burn in glowing splendour rows,  
    My bonnie deary !  
Thou art my lovely, leading star,  
    My bonnie deary !  
A' ither maids surpassing far,  
    My bonnie deary !

Like twa sweet pearls o' sparkling dew  
Upon a rose, when morn is new,  
Are thy saft e'en, divinely blue,  
My bonnie deary !

Thy smile, supremely sweet an' warm,  
My bonnie deary !  
Aroond thee throws a peerless charm,  
My bonnie deary !  
The fragrant flou'rs upon the lea,  
Though robed in beauty, canna gi'e  
This breast the same pure joy as thee,  
My bonnie deary !

Did I possess earth's rarest croon,  
My bonnie deary !  
For thee I on it could look doon,  
My bonnie deary !  
But what are croons? this heart o' mine  
Beats ever tenderly to thine ;  
In union let them fondly twine,  
My bonnie deary !



**Mither's Jewel.**

Blithe bird wi' the mellow voice, jewel divine,  
Oh ! come awa' to this fond heart o' mine,  
Be done wi' your daffing, an' rest for a wee  
My bonnie sweet pettie, upon mither's knee !

A wilder wee hempie I never yet saw,  
Come doon aff the chair-back this instant, you'll fa',  
Nae heed do you tak' to the warnings I gi'e,  
Aye speeling an' jumping—come rest on my knee !

Mirth reigns in your bosom, licht-hearted an' gay  
You prance up an' doon, think o' naething but play,  
At peace for a moment you never can be,  
Come, picture o' happiness, rest on my knee !

As gladly I gaze on your wee guileless face,  
Hoo fondly ilk feature o' faither I trace,  
His warm kindly smile, an' his love-beaming e'e,  
Wi' joy fill oor dwelling—come rest on my knee !

At morn when he left us, the keen wind did blaw,  
An' roond him fell thickly the wild driving snaw,  
But faither, my darling, for baith you an' me,  
Wad brave ony danger—come rest on my knee !

'The gloaming star's glinting, noo soon he'll be hame  
Oor comforts to share by the fire's rosy flame,  
Oh ! syne to his arms like a fairy you'll flee,  
Dishevel his dark locks, an' dance on his knee !



**Bright Sprig of Heather.**

Bright sprig of heather, fragrant and sweet,  
Thou hast been taken from thy retreat,  
Blooming in beauty, lovely and fair,  
Loved is thy birthplace, oh ! to be there !

Then would I wander, happy and free,  
Thro' the green valley, singing with glee,  
Scaling the tall cliff, starting the deer,—  
Music is falling, flooding mine ear !

Wafted away on fancy's bright wing,  
Far amid mountains, lightly I spring  
Over the wild crag, spurning control,  
Health in my stout limbs, joy in my soul !

Blithe pipes are pouring mirth thro' the glen,  
Faithful hearts cheering, maidens and men,  
Eagles are soaring, cataracts foam,—  
Albin, I love thee, thou art my home !

Friendship with valour mingle and twine,  
Manhood rejoices, lovely eyes shine,  
Memories cherished come from the past,  
Favours, profusely, round me are cast.

Bright sprig of heather, ever shalt thou,  
Gilded with glory, deck Freedom's brow !  
Wave on the hero's honoured bed, wave,  
Clansmen adore thee, badge of the brave !

**Bonnie, Little, Winning Deary.**

Saft as the balmy gloaming throws  
Its silver dew-beads on the rose,  
As tenderly my love shall be  
In calm an' storm, poured forth on thee !

Bonnie, little, winning deary !  
Handsome, lovely, fresh, an' fair !  
I o' thee will never weary !  
But adore thee evermair !

May Fortune smile, an' to me bring  
Rich favours on her golden wing ;  
Then wad I, fondly, at thy feet  
Lay doon the blessings, glowing sweet.  
Bonnie, little, winning deary, &c.

The dearest wish nursed in my breast,  
Is thee to mak' supremely blest ;  
An' raise thy constant heart owre a'  
The sorrows that on mortals fa'.  
Bonnie, little, winning deary, &c.

Aft gaze I on sweet Nature's throne,  
Wi' wildings rare profusely strown ;  
An' mony fragrant gems ha'e seen,  
Still nane sae fair as thee, I ween.  
Bonnie, little, winning deary, &c.

The cushet, mair than tongue can tell,  
Reveres his wee mate in the dell ;  
But though his love is nigh divine,  
It canna purer be than mine !  
Bonnie, little, winning deary, &c.

### **The Sunshine o' Thine E'e.**

Oh ! lassie kind, than a' the warld,  
Thou dearer, sweeter art to me ;  
The rose, wi' sparkling dew empearl'd,  
A lovely emblem is o' thee.  
Bliss to my soul thy presence brings,  
An' roond my path saft joy-licht flings ;  
This constant breast  
Feels doubly blest  
Beneath the sunshine o' thine e'e.

Sincerely, an' dearly,  
Oor glowing heart-cords gently twine !  
Hoo warming, an' charming,  
Is ilka gladsome glance o' thine !

There's peerless beauty on thy broo,  
Rare sweetness in thy sunny smile ;  
To virtue's side thy heart beats true,  
Though pawkily thy tongue may wile.  
Frae thy dark e'e there beams a ray,  
Which mak's my life a nichtless day ;  
I fondly gi'e  
My love to thee,  
Unsullied by a spark o' guile.  
Sincerely, an' dearly, &c.

The zephyrs sigh along the braes,  
The birds hymn in the bloomy bow'rs,  
Their sweetest numbers to thy praise,  
An' cheer for thee the fleeting hours.

Frae thy leal bosom I, like them,  
Dark sorrow's tide will strive to stem ;  
Then lassie braw  
On me let fa'  
Thy stainless love, in rosy show'rs.  
Sincerely, an' dearly, &c.

**Warm-Hearted an' Thrifty Wee Fairy.**

Warm-hearted an' thrifty wee fairy,  
A blithe time o' sunshine is this ;  
Sae langer, my love, dinna tarry,  
But come to the banquet o' bliss.  
Yes, come where the ivy, serenely,  
Is creeping as if in a dream,  
An' where the wild rose, bright an' queenly,  
Is kissing the murmuring stream.  
  
Come, come where balm-zephyrs are breathing,  
Thy presence will gladden the hours ;  
Lo ! lovely Dame Nature is wreathing  
Her fair broo wi' sunbeams an' flou'rs !

Oh ! come where mild gowans are gracing  
The mountain, moor, meadow, an' lea,  
An' simmer, refulgent, is chasing  
Gloom-shadows wi' splendour an' glee.  
Where, sweetly, the throstle is singing  
A lay o' delight, in the dell,  
An' wild, woodland echoes are ringing,  
Oor bosoms wi' pleasure to swell.  
Come, come where balm-zephyrs, &c.

Oh ! come where the swallow is brushing  
 The clover that dapples the plain,  
 An' grandly the torrent is rushing  
 Through green vales to join the dark main.  
 The freshness o' calm, dewy morning,  
 The fragrance frae bank, bow'r, an' brae,  
 An' wildings, the blue hills adorning,  
 Thy beauty an' sweetness display !  
 Come, come where balm-zephyrs, &c.

Oh ! come where the blithe laverock, piping,  
 Rich melody doon on us flings,  
 While golden rays gently are wiping  
 The silvery dew frae his wings.  
 In joy will we roam by the river,  
 Amid heather-bells blooming free ;  
 Forsake thee this fond heart shall never,  
 Then come, dearest lassie, wi' me !  
 Come, come where balm-zephyrs, &c.

### *The Auld Hame Far Awa'.*

Far, far frae Scotia's shore, beneath  
 A sky o' cloudless blue,  
 I wander through green valleys clad  
 Wi' flou'rs o' ilka hue,  
 But canna see the gowan fair  
 Or purple heather blaw,  
 An' wish that I again were in  
 The auld hame far awa' !

The birds wi' plumage richly rare  
Through sunny vine groves soar,  
But ah ! a lilt the heart to fill  
Wi' joy they canna pour ;  
Gi'e me the laverock warbling wild,  
Whase numbers sweetly fa',  
In saft melodious floods, upon  
The auld hame far awa' !

Gi'e me the hills where sweet blue bells  
An' hardy thistles wave ;  
The mountains green that never felt  
The fitfa' o' a slave !  
Whase gallant sons, in freedom's cause,  
Are ready aye to draw  
Their trusty blades to keep frae harm  
The auld hame far awa' !

Smile kindly, Fate, an' let me back  
To Scotia dear be borne,  
Where glory's laurels never were  
Frae dauntless valour torn !  
Where Liberty's loved voice is heard  
In ilka waterfa' !  
An' Peace her gowden wing spreads owre  
The auld hame far awa' !

**Freendship.**

Blithe, blithe, aroond the ingle,  
We ha'e met at freendship's ca',  
Love an' pleasure here will mingle,  
Care this nicht shall get a fa'.

We'll attack his gloomy castle,  
Lay its dark defenders low,  
Stems o' Scotia's weel-tried Thistle,  
Ne'er were kent to shun a foe.  
Blithe, blithe, aroond the ingle, &c.

Thanks to Providence, high o'er us,  
A' oor pantries weel are stor'd,  
See the dainties set before us  
On the ample festive board.  
Blithe, blithe, aroond the ingle, &c.

Let each crony prove a brither,  
Spend the nicht in social glee,  
Oors is love that ne'er shall wither,  
But aye bloom on freendship's tree.  
Blithe, blithe, aroond the ingle, &c.

Noble tree, thy holy blossoms  
A' are fraught wi' truth an' worth,  
Faithfu' hearts, an' fervent bosoms,  
Mak' a paradise on earth !  
Blithe, blithe, aroond the ingle, &c.

**My Charming Wee Wife.**

Oh ! I ha'e a handsome an' happy wee wife,  
The joy o' my bosom an' pride o' my life,  
Aye tenderly smiling

Sae winsome an' wiling ;  
Her failings are few an' her beauties are rife.

My tenty wee, genty wee, charming wee wife,  
My cheering, endearing, heart-warming wee wife,  
The sweetest o' pleasure  
Is oors withoot measure ;  
We live for ilk ither an' never ha'e strife.

At e'en, by the ingle, hoo aften I see  
Her kind winning glances cast fondly on me,  
Thus sweetly revealing  
A warm fount o' feeling  
Ascend frae her soul to her lovely dark e'e.  
My tenty wee, genty wee, charming wee wife, &c.

Untainted an' pure as the dew on the rose  
When morning is blushing, her gentle heart glows,  
Where love an' truth twining,  
That ken nae declining,  
Like unrivalled jewels serenely repose.  
My tenty wee, genty wee, charming wee wife, &c.

Gin Fortune should frown on the soul-soothing flow'r  
That pours its rich fragrance aroond my trim bow'r,  
This arm will defend it  
An' lovingly tend it ;  
My solace when clouds o' adversity low'r.  
My tenty wee, genty wee, charming wee wife, &c.



### **The Bairnie wha Toddles Alane.**

The blackbird's delight is to sing frae the tree,  
The lamb's is to sport on the green dewy lea,  
But mine is to cherish, busk braw, an' sustain  
The bonnie wee bairnie wha toddles alane.

Her health-tinted cheeks, an' her mirth-glancing e'en,  
Mak' her to appear like a wee fairy queen ;  
To rival her beauty, I ween, there are nane—  
The bairnie's sae bonnie wha toddles alane !

As blithely she sits in her wee elbow-chair,  
Wi' pleasure I gaze on her forehead sae fair ;  
Unclouded by care may it ever remain—  
Bliss follow the bairnie wha toddles alane !

Upon the green braes she rejoices to pu'  
The fairest o' flou'rs till her wee lap is fu',  
An' syne her heart dances baith lichtly an' fain  
As hameward wi' me she gangs toddling alane !

The flou'rs, fresh an' fragrant, are bonnie an' braw,  
As sweetly on nature's saft carpet they blaw,  
Still fairer than a' the rich flou'rs on the plain  
Is she, the wee bairnie wha toddles alane !

Oh! Thou, wha resides in the mansions aboon,  
On Love's gowden wing send Thy pure spirit doon,  
To waft the bark safely owre life's troubled main,  
That hauds the wee bairnie wha toddles alane !

**Ta'en Awa'!**

Warblers in the woods are singing,  
Hark ! their numbers blithely ringing,  
Yet, sweet joy they nane are bringing  
    To this lanely heart ava !  
O'er my wounded soul an' weary  
Grief is casting shadows dreary,  
Ah ! my kindly, winning deary  
    Death frae me has ta'en awa' !

Genial hours o' purest pleasure  
Time for me nae mair will measure,  
Since my dearest earthly treasure  
    Soondly sleeps beneath the clay !  
Like yon ruin, auld an' hoary,  
Faded is my wonted glory ;  
Dark despair will cloud the story  
    O' my journey on life's way !

Through the valley sadly roaming,  
By the crystal fountain foaming,  
Aften at the fa' o' gloaming,  
    Smiling sweetly, her I see !  
On my lowly pallet dreaming,  
Sorrow through my bosom streaming,  
I behold, in beauty, beaming  
    On me tenderly, her e'e !

Floods o' joy on some are flowing,  
 Nane on me is bliss bestowing,  
 Still, affection, warmly glowing,  
     Soaring, seeks her in the sky !  
 Stainless was the love she bore me,  
 Heaven smile in pity o'er me,  
 To her arms again restore me  
     In yon golden realms on high !

### *My Lassie's Smiles.*

My lassie's smiles are sweet as morn,  
 Her glances thrill my bosom thro' ;  
 The snaw-white bloom upon the thorn  
 Reminds me o' her bonnie broo.  
     Celestial seems  
     The love that streams,  
 Serenely, frae her heart sae true.  
     Ever chasing sadness  
     Is her angel form divine !  
     Bringing golden gladness  
     To this constant breast o' mine !

The rosy e'e o' early dawn  
 Beholds her cheerily at wark,  
 Fresh as the gowan on the lawn,  
 An' warbling sweeter than a lark.  
     Hoo I rejoice  
     To hear her voice  
 Thus making bright what else were dark.  
     Ever chasing sadness, &c.

“T is happiness supreme to meet  
At gloaming, by the clear burn side,  
An’ rove mid dewy fragrance sweet,  
Where roses kiss its sparkling tide.  
Charmed by love’s pou’r,  
Joy sees ilk hour,  
In rapture, saftly owre us glide.”  
Ever chasing sadness, &c.

In a’ the flou’rs that gem the lea  
Her peerless beauty can I trace ;  
The wavelets o’ a sunlit sea  
Display the lustre o’ her face.  
Oh ! for the day  
That I could say,  
Henceforth she will my dwelling grace !  
Ever chasing sadness, &c.

### *My Winsome Wee Queen.*

Oh ! saw ye my winsome wee queen,  
Trip nimbly alang on the green ;  
The licht o’ her smile  
The lang hours beguile,  
An’ blithely they travel, I ween.

Mirth shone on her features sae cheery,  
When she frae my side slipp’d awa’ ;  
To see her again hoo I weary,  
Her presence I prize aboon a’ !

She warbles mair sweetly an' free,  
Than ever did bird on a tree ;  
    The tones o' her voice  
    My soul can rejoice,  
They thrill wi' a rapturous glee.

    Mirth shone on her features sae cheery, &c.

Gin she were a lovely wee flow'r,  
Adorning some lone leafy bow'r,  
    An' I a brisk bee,  
    To her wad I flee,  
An' tarry till life's latest hour.

    Mirth shone on her features sae cheery, &c.

Though placed on a wilderness bare,  
If my winning darling were there,  
    Then wad I be blest,  
    For on her leal breast  
O' joy wad I dream evermair !

    Mirth shone on her features sae cheery, &c.

The sun, in his glory divine,  
Afar owre the landscape may shine,  
    Yet never will trace  
    A fairer young face—  
Unmatched is this lassie o' mine !

    Mirth shone on her features sae cheery, &c.

**Adieu! thou Land o' Noble Hearts.**

Adieu! thou land o' noble hearts,  
Dark shadows roond me fa';  
Frae thee thy son in sorrow parts,  
But though forced far awa',  
May sunny bliss supremely reign  
An' fling her favours free—  
Adieu, dear Scotland, thee again  
I never mair may see!

I loved to pierce thy leafy dells  
By fair bloom-bordered ways,  
An' climb thy gowan-garnished fells  
Illumed wi' freedom's rays;  
To leave them gi'es my bosom pain,  
While tears fa' frae mine e'e—  
Adieu, dear Scotland, thee again  
I never mair may see!

What rosy memories are twined  
Roond ilka weel-kent spot;  
Lang cherished scenes, an' faces kind,  
Can never be forgot;  
Joy-gems undimmed will they remain  
Sweet pleasure-glints to gi'e—  
Adieu, dear Scotland, thee again  
I never mair may see!

'To thee this leal heart fondly warms,  
 Thy weal my soul desires ;  
 Extolled for arts, renowned in arms,  
 The warld thy worth admires ;  
 But far across the heaving main  
 Fate breathes my hame maun be—  
 Adieu, dear Scotland, thee again  
 I never mair may see !

### **I Love a Fair Blossom.**

I love a fair blossom,  
 Unrivalled is she,  
 An' dear to my bosom  
 As bloom to the bee,  
 Unkindliness never  
 Is in her face seen,  
 But stainless truth ever  
 There glances, I ween.

That lovely wee flow'ret  
 Sae pure an' sincere,  
 I'll gently watch owre it,  
 For oh ! she is dear !

The snawy white gowans  
 Adorning the lea,  
 Beneath the red rowans  
 That hang frae the tree,

Are fair, yet she's fairer—  
While life's embers burn,  
The fond love I bear her  
Will could never turn !  
That lovely wee flow'ret, &c.

As blithely I wander  
By wood, rock, an' brae,  
Where streamlets meander,  
An' hill-breezes play,  
The tenderest feeling  
That fills a leal breast,  
Is thro' this heart stealing  
For her I love best !  
That lovely wee flow'ret, &c.

Forget-me-nots gleaming  
Thro' silvery dew,  
Or golden rays streaming  
Frae skies bonnie blue,  
Are sweet, still far sweeter  
Is she I adore—  
At e'en when I meet her  
Bliss fills my heart's core !  
That lovely wee flow'ret, &c.





*Awa'!*

But lately, hale an' sorrow-free,  
I travelled up life's hill ;  
Joy then held forth her cup to me,  
An' said—"Freend, drink thy fill,"  
When Death rushed frae his gloomy ha'  
An' took my bonnie bairn awa'!

Alas ! again I'll never hear  
The loved wee darling speak,  
Nor gaze, owrejoyed, thro' rapture's tear,  
Upon his glowing cheek  
That far excelled the ruddy haw—  
My bairn—my bonnie bairn's awa'!

Nae mair his chubby arms he'll fling  
Aroond my neck or breast,  
An' like the ivy, fondly cling,  
To mak' this sair heart blest :  
The fairest bud I ever saw  
Is gane—my bonnie bairn's awa'!

Aye fervently I hoped that he  
To manhood wad ha'e speel'd,  
An' been in feeble age to me  
A rock—a safety shield ;  
But thae fond hopes are withered a'—  
My bairn—my bonnie bairn's awa'!

Since he to yon kirkyaird was borne,  
An' laid beneath the clay,  
Wi' dowie heart I sigh at morn,  
Fair noon, an' gloaming gray,  
While frae my e'en sad tears doon fa'—  
My bairn—my bonnie bairn's awa'!

In dreams methocht I heard, yestreen,  
His voice, sae softly sweet,  
An' turning roond wi' passion keen,  
Beheld a vacant seat;  
Nae cherished form was there ava—  
My bairn—my bonnie bairn's awa'!

Look yonder!—happy as can be,  
A rosy group are seen;  
But never, never mair will he  
Wi' them trip owre the green,  
Where gowans an' primroses blaw—  
My bairn—my bonnie bairn's awa'!

His soul has soared to that bliss-bower  
Where nane but angels are;  
My field is noo withoot a flower—  
My sky withoot a star;  
The golden band is rent in twa—  
My bairn—my bonnie bairn's awa'!

The shock has lanely made oor hearth ;  
 Since he frae us was riven,  
 A jewel less there is on earth,  
 An angel mair in Heaven !  
 Before a throne, white as the snaw,  
 He kneels—my bonnie bairn 's awa' !

But wae-weeds a' I'll noo uproot,  
 Why should I thus repine ?  
 Time flees, an' when life's lamp is oot,  
 High in yon realms divine,  
 Where peerless, boundless love is law,  
 I'll join my bonnie bairn awa' !

### *My Rosebud.*

Come, fa' asleep my darling pet,  
 Fauld close thine e'en sae lovely blue ;  
 The sun o' mither's life will set  
 Ere she forget to cherish you,  
 Then fa' asleep my cushet doo !

Hush ! hushy baw ! my bonnie bairn !  
 Oh ! fa' asleep, an' rest a while ;  
 The heart is harder far than airm  
 That disna warm at thy sweet smile !

The brichtest starlet in my sky,  
 The fairest rosebud on my tree,  
 Is this sweet dreamer, ne'er will I

A lovelier wee angel see,  
For lovelier there couldna be !  
Hush ! hushy baw ! my bonnie bairn, &c.

On simmer days, the valley thro',  
For peerless flou'rs I needna seek ;  
White lilies gem thy guileless broo,  
An' roses red thy chubby cheek :  
While frae thine e'en shine blue bells meek !  
Hush ! hushy baw ! my bonnie bairn, &c.

The welcome hour is drawing near,  
That brings thy kindly faither hame,  
Syne fondly on his breast sincere,  
Where burns affection's fervent flame !  
He'll hear, wi' joy, thee lisp his name !  
Hush ! hushy baw ! my bonnie bairn, &c.

*The Kindest Wee Damsel.*

Dame Fortune is fickle, I freely maun own,  
Aft casting her spells to beguile ;  
For whiles she will darken life's path wi' a frown,  
Whiles brichten the same wi' a smile ;  
But still the queer kimmer I canna misca',  
Behold the dear wifie I've got !—  
An angel may pass by the loftiest ha'  
To reign in the lowliest cot !

The laird o' yon mansion, that stands on the lea,  
To be her possessor was keen,  
An' said a' his riches he gladly wad gie,  
Gin she o' his bosom were queen ;  
Yet wealth couldna wile the dear lassie awa',  
Sae fondly on me she did dote !—  
An angel may pass by the loftiest ha'  
To reign in the lowliest cot !

Oor cozie wee hame is a paradise fair—  
A sweet, sunny isle on love's sea ;  
My load-star, resplendent, serenely shines there,  
Her gentle, fond, truth-beaming e'e !  
Wherever I wander, that jewel can draw  
Me back to the dear, happy spot !—  
An angel may pass by the loftiest ha'  
To reign in the lowliest cot !

Delighted I dwell on her bonnie, sweet face,  
Arrayed wi' a thoosand rare charms ;  
As in it affection's clear fountain I trace,  
A saft, rosy flame my heart warms !  
The kindest wee damsel this earth ever saw,  
Wi' blessings encircles my lot !—  
An angel may pass by the loftiest ha'  
To reign in the lowliest cot !

*My Sweet Wee Wife.*

My thrifty, sonsy, sweet wee wife,  
I bless the day that made thee mine ;  
Since then we've led a happy life,  
My love for thee I'll never tine.  
When Sorrow rears her sable plume,  
An' Envy frowns wi' scornfu' pride,  
Thy winning ways can banish gloom,  
Dear charmer o' my ingle side.

Endearing, truthfu', trim wee wife,  
Thegither lang we've buckled been ;  
Oor hame, instead o' weary strife,  
A lengthy term o' peace hath seen.  
Oh ! blessed peace ! that gem divine  
Is vainly socht in fortune's store,  
An' still it decks that face o' thine,  
Bricht-beaming frae thy bosom's core.

Leal-hearted, bonnie, blithe wee wife,  
Though noo I canna be ca'd young,  
I'll stem for thee the tide o' life,  
Cheered onward by thy couthie tongue.  
When strength shall fail, an' hoary age  
Hath turned oor locks to silver gray,  
Kind Heav'n will a' oor cares assuage,  
An' lead us safely doon the brae.

### *In Joy's Fairy Ring.*

Owre moorland an' mountain the cauld wind blows  
dreary,

The sun has withdrawn to his hame in the west,  
Come, then, let me lay on thy bosom, kind deary,

My head, where it sweetly an' fondly may rest ;

Thy bonnie blue e'e

Wiles sorrow frae me ;

I gaze on its lustre, an' feel doubly blest !

Nicht's queen, glowing gladly, her clear flame is trim-  
ming,

An' soon will be flooding oor glens wi' bricht rays ;  
The robin a fareweel to gloaming is hymning,

As here I am weaving a lay in thy praise ;

This heart's tender love

Will evermair prove

Pure as the mild primrose on spring's sunny braes !

In gleams o' sweet fancy my fond thochts are soaring  
Awa' to the gay, gladsome days o' langsyne ;


The green spreading valley, where music is pouring,

Before me appears, while my angel divine,

Wi' a' her rare charms,

Is locked in mine arms,

As under a bloom-laden thorn we recline !



The past, although cherished, still mair oor leal bosoms  
Rejoice in the present, hoo happy I feel  
To see roond me tripping thae wee ruddy blossoms,  
Or laughing, licht-hearted, my knee proodly speel ;  
In joy's fairy ring  
I reign like a king ;  
A scene mair enchanting nae hame may reveal !

### Gowans.

The snaw-white crested gowans, that bloom upon the  
lea,

Sae simple, sweet, an' bonnie, are ever dear to me ;  
My heart is filled wi' gladness when I their beauty view ;  
Leeze me upon the gowans, a' gemmed wi' pearly dew.

They love, beside the fountain, on mossy couch to  
dream,

Amid the sunlicht golden to kiss the crystal stream,  
Sae fondly skyward turning to greet the heavens blue ;  
Oh ! heart-enchanting wildings, a' gemmed wi' pearly  
dew.

When laverocks leave the welkin, warned by the gloam-  
ing-fa',

Syne silently are faulded their e'en sae bricht an' braw,  
Until the dawn o' morning gi'es earth a rosy hue,  
The fairy flou'rs unclosing, a' gemmed wi' pearly dew.



High on the lofty mountain, doon in the valley green,  
An' owre the breezy moorland, they like sweet stars  
are seen ;

O' innocence an' virtue they types are fair an' true,  
Pure as the thochts o' angels, a' gemmed wi' pearly  
dew.

In bairnhood's merry morning, that kent nae care ava,  
Hoo heartily I pu'd them, syne gladly gi'ed them a'  
To my wee winsome lover, kind as a cushet doo ;  
Dear memories bring gowans, a' gemmed wi' pearly  
dew.

Then young love warmed my bosom, an' auld love  
warms it still ;  
That love for life's first treasure stern Time may never  
chill ;  
Langsyne I held her dearly, but far, far dearer noo,  
Encircled by rare gowans, a' gemmed wi' love's sweet  
dew !



**Nane Like Thee.**

To thee, my love, wha made me blest,  
My troth I pledge anew ;  
Affection glows within thy breast,  
An' beauty on thy broo.  
Flow'rs Heaven-tinted, fair, an' gay,  
Spring frae the lap o' dewy May,  
In them, owrejoyed, at dawn o' day,  
Thy purity I view !

Warm love-blossom,  
In my bosom  
Deeply graven is thy name !  
Aye sincerely,  
Fondly, dearly,  
To adore thee is my aim !

Thy kindly smiles can comfort gi'e,  
Sae tenderly they fa',  
To nurse the roses on life's tree,  
An' prune its thorns awa'.  
My days 'mid purest pleasure fleet,  
To see in thee rare virtue meet,  
Wi' loveliness, supremely sweet,  
That charm the hearts o' a' !

Warm love-blossom, &c.

The laverock loves the sunny sky,  
 The merle the spreading tree,  
 The linty loves the broom, an' I  
 The kind glance o' thine e'e.  
 In mansions where the great convene,  
 Upon the happy village green,  
 I mony comely dames ha'e seen,  
 But, darling, nane like thee !  
 Warm love-blossom, &c.

### *A Rent has each Cloud.*

Should sorrow surroond thee wi' darkness an' gloom,  
 Sweet joy's radiant roses to blight in their bloom,  
 Still gallantly life's thorny pathway pursue,—  
 A rent has each cloud where the bricht sun shines thro'!

Though Envy, exulting, in sable array,  
 Steal forth on thy bosom his burden to lay,  
 Stand fast, an' fair Fortune will burst on thy view,—  
 A rent has each cloud where the bricht sun shines thro'!

Wae-shadows may gather, but yon winning dame,  
 Wi' love's glowing splendour can gladden thy hame,  
 Her heart on thee dotes ever tender an' true,—  
 A rent has each cloud where the bricht sun shines thro'!

Hoo lanely an' dreary seem winter's dark hours,  
When cauld' blasts ha'e withered the fair blooming  
    flou'rs,  
But simmer returning their beauties renew,—  
A rent has each cloud where the bricht sun shines thro'!

We a' should endeavour, untainted by guile,  
To sweeten life's cup wi' affection's fond smile ;  
The welkin, tho' dark whiles, regains its saft blue,—  
A rent has each cloud where the bricht sun shines thro'!

Owre past happy days, then, sae sair dinna grieve,  
But come, licht o' heart, a bliss-web let us weave,  
Its blithe warp an' woof will bring pleasures anew,—  
A rent has each cloud where the bricht sun shines thro'!

### **Bruised Flowers.**

Behold this blushing blossom, crushed beneath the  
    pilgrim's feet,  
Which lately, on its parent stem, smiled beautiful and  
    sweet ;  
Its odour now is richer far, though left thus to con-  
    sume ;  
Oh! flowers that are bruised emit the loveliest per-  
    fume!

Cursed be yon cruel fowler's aim ; see! see the linnet  
    dart ;  
She hastens to her little brood to act a mother's  
    part,—

To shield them with her bleeding wing, and tremble  
for their doom!

Oh! flowers that are bruised emit the loveliest per-  
fume!

The few survivors of a wreck which sank beneath the  
wave,

The remnant of a hope-forlorn who battled long and  
brave ;

Love, for each other, in their breasts his golden  
wing does plume ;

Oh! flowers that are bruised emit the loveliest per-  
fume!

My comforter, thy noble brow has lost its lily-hue,  
And faded are the ruddy cheeks which radiance round  
me threw,

For Fate has often o'er thee cast a veil of dreary  
gloom ;

But flowers that are bruised emit the loveliest per-  
fume!

I love to see the face of youth with sunny smiles  
adorned,


And hear the voice of pleasure ring from hearts that  
never mourned,

And feel the fragrance of the rose when in its brightest  
bloom ;

Still flowers that are bruised emit the loveliest per-  
fume!

The softest tones man ever heard, upon the zephyrs  
flung,

Came from a sinless Bosom long by bitter anguish  
wrung !



Whose gentle warp and woof had passed through  
sorrow's darkest loom!

Oh! flowers that are bruised emit the loveliest per-  
fume!

The matchless music of thy love, so tender, strong,  
and deep,

In sweetest melody does o'er my glowing heartstrings  
sweep,

Then, trembling, falls upon my soul to find a cherished  
tomb;

Oh! flowers that are bruised emit the loveliest per-  
fume!

With feelings time shall never quench I view thy  
fragile form,

Which stood on Love's bright rock and braved  
Adversity's wild storm!

'Tis past, my darling, cheer! for now bliss bursts the  
murky gloom!

Oh! flowers that are bruised emit the loveliest per-  
fume!

### *The Flou'r-Bordered Burn.*

The flou'r-bordered burn, as it rows doon the brae,  
Sings blithely, an' clearly, a heart-melting lay;  
A safter, or sweeter, frae tongue never fell,  
An' oh! its rare beauty, say what could excel?

Upon its green lip waves the wild rose sae fair,  
Serenely perfuming the saft simmer air,  
While bending to kiss its bricht wavelets o' blue  
That murmur an' sparkle the lone valley thro'.

The golden e'ed gowan, mild, stainless, an' white,  
Looks up to the lift wi' a nameless delight,  
Where loodly the laverock is chanting a strain,  
Rejoicing Dame Nature smiles sweetly again.

Concealed by lang breckan, the robin a hame  
Has lovingly built for his genty wee dame,  
An' there he guards bravely to shield her frae harm,  
An' warbles her love-laden bosom to charm.

A wee shepherdess aften sits on its side,  
Whase thochts are as pure as its silvery tide ;  
Sweet, sweet is the licht o' her joy-glancing e'e  
When tending her lammies that sport on the lea.

Its fairy-like flood, fresh an' cool, has a spell,  
Enchanting the foxglove an' modest blue-bell,  
While frae his green arbour, that swings high aboon,  
In gushes the throstle pours melody doon.

The red blooming heather an' wild mountain thyme  
Upon it fling fragrance in simmer's glad prime,  
As onward it ripples the gray rocks between,  
Still flashing an' gleaming wi' rich amber sheen.

Refreshing the meadows an' braw broomy knowes,  
Past cottage an' castle it bonnily rows,  
Arrayed in sweet splendour, supremely divine!  
An emblem o' purity—truth's glowing shrine !

### **The Gallant Wee Isle.**

Oh! ken ye the land where the sweet lintie sings  
Till a' the green woodland wi' melody rings ;  
Where far owre the moorland, bedappled wi' knowes  
O' broom gay an' gowden, the bricht burnie rows  
Awa' like a belt o' love-light to the firth ?  
'Tis Scotland, the bonnie wee Isle o' my birth !

Oh! ken ye the land o' the glen an' the shaw,  
Where white owre the rock roars the wild waterfa';  
Where aften is whispered the auld story fain,  
By fond hearts while roaming at gloaming alane,—  
Hearts warm as yon sun bringing beauty to earth ?  
'Tis Scotland, the couthie wee Isle o' my birth !

Oh! ken ye the land o' the scar an' the fell,  
The plantin's dark shade, an' the bracken-hung dell,  
Where owre hill an' meadow the gowan is seen,  
Sae bonnily starring the emerald green,  
That through ilka bosom pours gladness an' mirth ?  
'Tis Scotland, the cherished wee Isle o' my birth !

Oh! ken ye the land o' the bonnet an' plaid,  
The castle-crooned cliff, an' the pine-covered glade,  
Where freendship an' honour endearingly twine,  
Forever illuming, wi' splendour divine,  
The loftiest ha' an' the lowliest hearth ?  
'Tis Scotland, the worthy wee Isle o' my birth !



Oh! ken ye the loved land whase mountains, time-  
riven,  
Sink deep in the ocean, an' rise into heaven  
Like altars o' freedom, where hearts true an' leal  
Can welcome a freend an' a foeman as weel;  
Ennobled in prowess, unrivalled in worth?  
'Tis Scotland, the dauntless wee Isle o' my birth!—

Yes! Scotland, where bravely the stern Thistle waves  
Its plumes o' dark purple owre fame-hallowed graves,  
That Rome strove to cove wi' her legions o' yore,  
But backward was borne by the trusty claymore  
When burst oor bauld sires in a valour-flood forth;  
Hurrah! for the gallant wee Isle o' the North!



## ❁ GLOSSARY ❁

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A', all.	BAIRN, child.
ABOON, ABUNE, above.	BAIRNIE, little child.
ABOUT, about.	BAIRNIES, little children.
AE, one.	BAITH, both.
AFF, off.	BAULD, bold.
AFT, oft.	BEFA', befall.
AFTEN, often.	BESPAK, betokened.
AIN, own.	BE 'T, be it.
AIRN, iron.	BIELD, shelter.
ALANE, alone.	BLATE, shy.
ALANG, along.	BLAW, blow.
AMANG, among.	BLAWS, blows.
AN', and.	BLUID, blood.
ANCE, once.	BOCHT, bought.
ANE, one.	BODE, an offer.
ANITHER, another.	BONNIE, beautiful.
ARENA, are not.	BONNIER, more beautiful.
AROOND, around.	BONNIEST, most beautiful.
AULD, old.	BONNILY, beautifully.
AULD-FARRANT, wise, sagacious.	BRAE, slope of a hill.
AULD-LANGSYNE, long ago, olden times.	BRAES, slopes of hills.
AVA, at all.	BRAIKEN, fern.
AWA', away.	BRAW, fine, handsome.
AWFU', awful.	BRAWS, finery, fine clothes.
	BRECKEN, fern.
	BREID, bread.

- BRIGHT, bright.  
 BRIGHTEN, brighten.  
 BRIGHTENS, brightens.  
 BRIGHTER, brighter.  
 BRIGHTLY, brightly.  
 BRITHER, brother.  
 BROO, brow.  
 BROOS, brows.  
 BROSE, a dish of oatmeal and boiling water.  
 BURN, rivulet.  
 BURNS, rivulets.  
 BUSK, dress.  
 BUSKIT, dressed.  
 BUT-AN-BEN, kitchen and parlour.  
 BY, past.  
 BYGANE, bygone.  
  
 CA', call.  
 CALLER, fresh, sound.  
 CAM', came.  
 CANNIE, gentle, mild.  
 CANNILY, gently, mildly.  
 CANTIE, merry.  
 CAULD, cold.  
 CAULDEST, coldest.  
 CAULDRIFE, cold in manner, indifferent.  
 CLAES, clothes.  
 COULDNA, could not.  
 COO, cow.  
 COSH, snug.  
  
 COUTHIE, kind, loving.  
 COWE, to terrify, to keep under.  
 COZIE, warm, comfortable.  
 CRAW, crow.  
 CREEL, a basket.  
 CRONY, companion.  
 CROON, Crown, to hum a tune.  
 CROON'D, crowned.  
 CUDDLE, to fondle, to caress.  
 CUSHET, CUSHET-DOO, wood-pigeon.  
  
 DAFFING, merriment.  
 DAFT, foolish.  
 DEARY, an endearing term.  
 DINNA, do not.  
 DIPPIT, dipped.  
 DISNA, does not.  
 DOCHTERS, daughters.  
 DOON, down.  
 DOOT, doubt.  
 DOWIE, dull.  
 DOWINESS, dullness.  
 DROON, drown.  
 DRUMLIE, muddy, confused.  
  
 E'E, eye.  
 E'ED, eyed.  
 E'EN, eyes.  
 E'ENING, evening.  
 E'ENING-STAR, evening-star.

EILD, age, old age.  
 ENFAULD, enfold.  
 EVERMAIR, evermore.

FA', fall.  
 FAITHER, father.  
 FAITHFU', faithful.  
 FAND, found.  
 FAREWEEL, farewell.  
 FAULD, fold.  
 FAULDED, folded.  
 FECKLESS, weak, feeble.  
 FILLIES, young mares.  
 FITFA footfall.  
 FITPRINTS, footprints.  
 FITSTEPS, footsteps.  
 FLEES, flies.  
 FLOU'RS, flow'rs.  
 FORBYE, besides.  
 FORE, as, there are few to the  
     fore, there are few re-  
     maining.  
 FORGETHER, to meet with.  
 FRAE, from.  
 FREEND, friend.  
 FREENDS, friends.  
 FREENDSHIP, friendship.  
 FU', full.  
 FUIL, fool.

GAR, cause, make.  
 GARS, causes, makes.  
 GAUN, GAWN, going.

GEAR, riches.  
 GI'E, give.  
 GIED, gave.  
 GI'EN, given.  
 GIN, if.  
 GLINTING, peeping.  
 GLINTS, peeps.  
 GLOAMING, twilight.  
 GLOAMING-FA', close of the  
     day.  
 GLOAMING-STAR, evening-  
     star.  
 GOWAN, the field daisy.  
 GOWANED, daisied.  
 GOWANS, field daisies.  
 GOWANY, abounding in  
     daisies.  
 GOWD, gold.  
 GOWDEN, golden.  
 GUID, good.  
 GUIDSAKE, an expression of  
     wonder.

HA', hall.  
 HADDIES, haddocks.  
 HA'E, have.  
 HAITH, a petty oath.  
 HALE, sound, healthy.  
 HAME, home.  
 HAMELY, homely.  
 HAUD, hold.  
 HAUDS, holds.  
 HEAPIT, heaped.

HEID, head.  
 HEIDS, heads.  
 HEMPIE, a tricky child.  
 HIELAND, Highland.  
 HINNY, a name of endearment.  
 HINNY-KAME, honey-comb.  
 HOO, how.  
 HOOT, tush.

ILK, each.  
 ILKA, every.  
 ILKAWHERE, everywhere.  
 INBYE, within doors.  
 INGLE, fire, fire place.  
 IS 'T, is it.  
 IOTHER, other.

JIMPLY, scarcely.  
 JO, JOE, a sweetheart.  
 JUIST, just.

KAIL, broth.  
 KAIL-PAT, broth pot.  
 KEN, know.  
 KENS, knows.  
 KENNA, know not.  
 KENT, known.  
 KIRKYARD, churchyard.  
 KNOWE, hillock.  
 KNOWES, hillocks.  
 KYE, cows.

LADDIE, boy, young man.  
 LAMMIE, little lamb.  
 LANE, lone.  
 LANELY, lonely.  
 LANG, long.  
 LANGER, longer.  
 LANGESE, longest.  
 LANGSYNE, long ago, early days.  
 LASSIE, girl, young woman.  
 LAUCHIN', laughing.  
 LAVEROCK, the lark.  
 LEAL, true, faithful.  
 LEA, a grassy plain.  
 LEEZE ME, on how will I love.  
 LICHT, light.  
 LICHTEN, lighten.  
 LICHTER, lighter.  
 LICHT-HEARTED, light-hearted.  
 LIGHTLY, lightly.  
 LICHTSOME, lightsome.  
 LIFT, sky.  
 LILT, to sing merrily.  
 LILTED, sang merrily.  
 LILTING, singing cheerfully.  
 LILTS, joyous lays.  
 LINTIE, LINTY, linnet.  
 LIPPEN, to trust.  
 LOCH, lake.  
 LOCHS, lakes.  
 LOOD, loud.  
 LOODLY, loudly.

LOON, a wild fellow, a rogue.

LOSH, an exclamation of wonder.

LUM, chimney.

MAIR, more.

'MANG, among.

MAK', make.

MAK'S, makes.

MAIST, almost.

MAISTLY, mostly.

MANIFAUDD, manifold.

MAUN, must.

MAVIS, the thrush.

MEAL-POCK, meal-bag.

MERE, a mare.

MERLE, the blackbird.

METHOCHT, methought.

MICHT, might.

MICKLE, much.

MIDNIGHT, midnight.

MITHER, mother.

MONY, many.

MOOTH, mouth.

MOOTH-POCK, mouth-bag.

MORN, to-morrow.

MOURNFU', mournful.

MULINS, crumbs.

MY SANG, by my faith.

MYSEL', myself.

NA, no.

NAE, no.

NAETHING, nothing.

NANE, none.

NEEDNA, need not.

NEUK, corner at the fireside.

NEVERMAIR, nevermore.

NICHT, night.

NITHER, to shrivel.

No, not.

NOCHT, naught.

NOO, now.

O', of.

OCHT, aught, anything.

ONY, any.

OOR, our.

OORS, ours.

OORSEL'S, ourselves.

OOT, out.

OOTBY, out of doors.

OWRE, over.

OWRE-ARCHED, overarched.

OWREFFLOWS, overflows.

OWREJOYED, overjoyed.

PAIDLED, paddled.

PANTRIES, presses, larders.

PAWKILY, cunningly.

PAWKY, sly, cunning.

PETTIE, diminutive of pet.

PIBROCH, Highland war music.

PITS, puts.

PLACE 'T, place it.

PLEWS, ploughs.

FREE, taste.

PROOD, proud.

PROODLY, proudly.

PU', pull.

PU'ING, pulling.

RAMPAGING, romping gaily.

RECA', recall.

REDD, cleared up, cleaned.

RICHT, right.

RIN, run.

ROGUES, diminutive of  
rogues.

ROOND, round.

ROUTHY, plenty.

ROWAN, the mountain ash.

ROWANS, the fruit of the  
mountain ash.

ROW, to roll.

RUNG, a strong staff.

SAE, so.

SAFT, soft.

SAFTLY, softly.

SAIR, sore.

SAIRLY, sorely.

SANG, song.

SANGSTER, songster.

SCRAN, the offal of human  
food.

SEL', self.

SHAW, a small wood.

SHILLFA, chaffinch.

SHOON, shoes.

SHOUTHERS, shoulders.

SIC, such.

SILLER, money.

SILLY, weak in mind.

SLICHT, slight.

SIMMER, summer.

SMA', small.

SNAW, snow.

SNAW-DRAP, snow-drop.

SNAWY, snowy.

SNODLY, neatly.

SONSY, stout, good-looking.

SOO, sow.

SOOPS, sweeps.

SPEEL, climb.

SPEELED, climbed.

SPEELING, climbing.

SPEERED, asked.

SPRICHTLY, sprightly.

STAPPIT, crammed.

STOWN, stolen.

SURROOND, surround.

SWITH, quickly.

SYNE, then.

TA'EN, taken.

TAK', take.

TAK'S, takes.

TAP, top.

TATTIES, potatoes.

TAULD, told.

TEAR-DRAP, tear-drop.

TENTY, watchful, careful.	WAE, woe, sorrow.
THAE, those.	WAES, woes, sorrows.
THEGITHER, together.	WAES ME, alas.
THIR, these.	WAESOME, sorrowful.
THOCHT, thought.	WA'FLOW'R, wall flower.
THOCHTS, thoughts.	WARK, work.
THOLE, to endure, to suffer.	WARLD, world.
THOOSAND, thousand.	WARLDS, worlds.
THRANG, busy.	WATERFA', waterfall.
THYSEL', thyself.	WAUCHT, a large draught.
TINE, to lose.	WAUKEN, awaken.
TODDLES, walks in a tottering manner.	WAUKENED, awakened.
TODDLING, walking in a tottering manner.	WEE, little.
TOUCH 'T, touch it.	WEEL, well.
TRIG, neat, tidy.	WEEL-FAURED, having a goodly appearance.
TRIPPIT, tripped.	WHA, who.
TROTTERS, sheep feet	WHANG, a large slice.
TRUTHFU', truthful.	WHASE, whose.
TRYSTED, appointed.	WHILES, sometimes.
TRYSTING TREE, a tree where lovers meet by appointment.	WI', with.
TWA, two.	WI'T, with it.
'T WAD, it would.	WIFIE, an endearing term for wife.
TWAFALD, twofold.	WIMPLING, meandering.
UNCO, very.	WINNA, will not.
UNKENT, unknown.	WINSOME, agreeable, pretty.
UNLICHTIT, unlighted.	WITHOOT, without.
VAUNTIE, proud.	WRANGS, wrongs.
WAD, would.	WROCHT, wrought.
WADNA, would not.	WUDS, woods.
	YESTREEN, yesternight.
	YOURSEL', yourself.





## Opinions

*Of the Scottish, English, and American Press on*

"LAYS O' HAME AN' COUNTRY."

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"Exhibiting all the polish of culture without any sacrifice of naturalness, vigor, or simplicity. His volume has received over fifty criticisms from the public press, which constitute a chorus of praise with scarcely a dissentient note. Indeed we have rarely seen a volume of poetry upon which the critics have been so unanimous in their commendation, and through almost the whole of the notices runs a strain of feeling that is of itself a strong testimony to the power of the writings which evoked it.—They are by no means lacking in variety. Indeed their number and excellence have caused the author to be named the 'Laureate of the Household.' The home they depict in glowing tints.—They are by turns reflective, pathetic, didactic, tender, ardent, humorous, and hilarious. Equally commendable are his patriotic songs, which are afire with the ardour of battle. Altogether many of his songs will rank with the finest of their class in the Scottish language."—*LIFE SKETCH IN SCOTTISH READER.*

"Alexander Logan is unquestionably a genuine poet, and has made a valuable contribution to our Doric literature. His poems are all animated by sentiments of patriotism, or the purest domestic affections. The lilt of his songs is charming. Their simplicity and beauty is a cheering sign that the 'divine afflatus' is not yet departed from amongst us. Such poems cannot fail to touch the popular heart."—*SCOTTISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.*

"The author is a true poetic genius, coming nearer to Burns in many respects than any of his fellow countrymen. So great is the likeness, especially in the power of expressing himself in the vernacular, that it is sometimes hard to be persuaded that our author is not Burns himself. Yet we fail to detect any servile imitation. All is perfectly natural. Whatever he does is marked with care and elegance, with grace and beauty, yet withal with such tender pathos, such charming simplicity, as to compel any but the prejudiced to confess that he is a true poet."—*LITERARY WORLD.*

"A volume of Scottish poetry by a writer who holds a high position as a master of Doric verse. He sings with an earnestness and beauty which is certain to charm any reader.—Full of genuine pathos."—*SCOTTISH AMERICAN JOURNAL.*

"There is a good deal of freshness in these poems, songs, and ballads.—Have genuine merits."—*ACADEMY.*

"Alexander Logan, for fertility of imagination and artistic finish, is highly distinguished, and by the excellence of his productions his name has become known, not only at home but abroad, wherever Scottish hearts beat.—Vigorously yet finely expressed, every word seeming to fall into its proper place, and every piece showing a well-cultivated taste."—EDINBURGH COURANT.

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